

*Spring - Prince*

1936

# THE WHIRLPOOL



PENNELL INSTITUTE  
GRAY MAINE



WHIRLPOOL BOARD - 1936

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## HOME ECONOMICS

### SENIOR

We senior girls are very grateful for having the Home Economics Course to our advantage this year.

We opened the first period of the year with a food's course. This consisted of the value, preparation and serving of food.

The following period was devoted to home nursing. This was to teach us the functions of the body and the care that should be given it during health and illness of any kind.

The third course, although new to us, was very practical. We learned how to choose the correct houses, how to furnish them conveniently, and the art of interior decorating. We finished this course feeling that we were ready to make a house exceedingly liveable.

The next subject consisted of child care and development. We actually experimented with children. Two girls carried on a story hour for children which proved to be very successful.

The last two periods were given to sewing. In this subject we learned how to sew both by hand and machine. By the end of the year all had accomplished enough to make any type of garment.

The senior and junior girls organized a Home Economics' Club. Socials were given to raise money and with this money we purchased curtains, four chairs, a table, and a cabinet. During the Home Furnishings Course the seniors painted the new furniture. The Club has also provided for social functions here at school.

Part of the year's work was to do three complete projects. These projects were done at home or outside of class and they gave us the practical experience that we needed.

Pennell Institute has something to be proud of when we consider this Home Economics Course and its value to the girls.

-- Norma Prince, '36.

### Sophomore-Junior

We wish to thank the people responsible for our Home Economics Course here in Pennell. I will try to give a short summary of what we have done. For the first twelve weeks we had a course in sewing. Many garments were made and note-books had to be kept. In the notebooks were many samples of different plain and fancy stitches.

In the second twelve weeks we took cooking, which has proved very successful. We served hot lunches to the students of the school during the winter months. At the end of this course we had a Mother-and-Daughter banquet which was very successful and proved to our mothers that we really can cook.

In these last twelve weeks we are taking personal health and hygiene. If any girl is planning to take up the profession of nursing, I am sure this course will be very helpful. In class we give demonstrations of diseases and their care, and as in other courses, the note-books are very important.

For the 1½ points credit the girls must pass satisfactorily her class work and three home projects. She chooses the three home projects with her mother's help. Many of the girls took sewing and there are many dresses worn in school today, made by the girls. Others took cooking meals, doing washing and ironing, and packing lunch boxes. These all prove helpful, both to themselves and to the mothers. We plan to give a public exhibit of our work and posters.

## MANUAL ARTS

In the fall of 1935 a new course was introduced at Pennell. Manual Arts, under the supervision of Mr. Wardwell, was added to the Pennell course of study.

During the summer of 1935 the basement of the "Agricultural Building" was remodelled into a shop suitable for carrying on a course in Manual Arts.

The Manual Arts course includes Mechanical Drawing, as well as Woodworking. It is necessary to divide the double period days assigned to Manual Arts. Mondays and Tuesdays we spent working with Mechanical Drawing. The other three days we devoted to Woodwork.

The course in Mechanical Drawing is the usual beginners course, beginning with lettering, then the drawing of simple geometric figures which include hidden lines. The course includes the drawing of a few machine parts, which will illustrate the principle of sectioning.

In Woodworking a complete note-book must be kept at all times, just as in any other study. Note-book work includes the study of words, tools, wood-finishes, and anything which the instructor finds suitable for saving. The complete study of woodwork should cover joints and their uses. In some schools, small useless models of every joint are made, but we included the study of joints in small but useful articles.

- |                  |                         |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Book Ends     | Rabbit Joint            |
| 2. Letter Holder | Butt Joint              |
| 3. Towel Rack    | Dado Joint              |
| 4. Plant Stand)  | Middle Lap Joint        |
| 5. Tabouret )    |                         |
| 6. Cravat Hook   | Mortise and Tenon Joint |
| 7. Foot Stool    | Butt Dowel Joint        |

To illustrate the principle of certain processes, other projects were made:

1. Coat Hanger - Squaring up stock and spokeshaving.
2. Broom Holder - Squaring up stock, chiseling and boring.
3. Match Holder - Stippling
4. Glove Box - Blind brading, assembly
5. Whisk Broom Holder - Gouging, French finish.

Of course some pupils are a little faster than others; so, in order to keep them busy, extra projects are made, such as:

1. Cribbage Board
2. Vase Holder
3. Pen Tray
4. Pencil and Letter Holder

Next year new equipment will be added. A jointer, circular saw, and lathe will make it possible to do cabinet work and wood turning.

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## ATHLETICS

The Athletic Association was organized for the support of activities at Pennell. The Association met and decided to divide it into a boys' athletic association and a girls' athletic association. The boys met and elected the following officers: President, Robert Thibodeau; Treasurer, Ross Wilson.

The girls met and elected the following officers: President, Marie Pousland; Secretary and Treasurer, Margaret Sawyer.

Money has been earned this year by selling magazines and seeds.

### BASKETBALL

During the winter of 1936, basketball was introduced for the first time at Pennell. A team was organized under the coaching of Mr. Wardwell. There was a large group of boys who reported for practice and who showed much interest in the new sport. Pennell was able to secure the Federal Transient Camp Gym. to practice in. Those reporting for practice were: Thibodeau, Leonard, L. Sawyer, Wilson, Wallace, Colley, E. Sawyer, Clark, Eaton, Russell, R. Sawyer, Hancock, Hinds and Hill. Five boys will be lost by graduation (Wilson, Thibodeau, L. Sawyer, Leonard and Wallace), leaving Colley, Clark, Eaton and Russell who played this year. Mr. Wardwell is hoping for a more successful season next year. The following games were played and the results were:

Pennell	33	Gorham High	28
Pennell	30	Gorham Normal School	38
Pennell	15	Opportunity Farm	14
Pennell	12	Gorham Normal School	28
Pennell	19	Falmouth	38
Pennell	17	Gorham High	32
Pennell	17	New Gloucester	23
Pennell	33	Opportunity Farm	15
Pennell	25	New Gloucester	9

### BASEBALL

Baseball in the Spring of 1935.-- With a small group of boys reporting for practice, Mr. Stuart was able to put out a strong team. Pennell placed second in the Triple C League composed of New Gloucester, Freeport, Greeley and Pennell. The following games were played and the scores were

Pennell	2	Windham	5
Pennell	9	Falmouth	9
Pennell	6	Windham	9
* Pennell	6	New Gloucester	11
* Pennell	7	Freeport	3
* Pennell	13	Greeley	2
* Pennell	2	New Gloucester	10
* Pennell	15	Greeley	8
Pennell	1	Ajuni	3

\* -- League Games

Baseball in the Spring of 1936.--Mr. Wardwell has an unusually large squad of boys to work with compared with past years. A large number of these boys are underclassmen who show much talent. Mr. Wardwell is hoping to put out a winning team this year. The following schedule is to be played:

April 17	-	Pennell at Greeley
		Freeport at New Gloucester
April 24	-	New Gloucester at Greeley
May 1	-	Freeport at Pennell
May 8	-	New Gloucester at Pennell
		Greeley at Freeport
May 15	-	Greeley at New Gloucester
		Pennell at Freeport
May 22	-	Greeley at Pennell
		New Gloucester at Freeport

May 29 Pennell at Now Gloucester  
 Freeport at Greeley  
 June 3 Play-off with Division A  
 June 12 Alumni at Penroll

Practice games will be played with other schools on open dates.

Those reporting for practice are: Thibodeau, Wilson, F. Sawyer, Wallace, Leonard, DeLorme, R. Colley, E. Sawyer, J. Russell, Clark, Eaton, D. Kupelian, J. Colley, M. Thompson, Hancock, Maxwell, Cobb, Hill, Nason, Winslow, Pennell, Hinds.

Thibodeau was elected Captain and Gerald Kimball manager.

### TRACK

The ninth annual Indoor Track Meet was held at the Portland Y.M.C.A. April 4. Pennell's team was made up of Thibodeau, Wilson, Hancock, E. Sawyer, Hill, and Colley. The meet was won by Falmouth with 33 points; North Yarmouth second with 21 points, and Pennell third with 10 points. Points were scored in the following events.

Thibodeau	- first in 20 yd. dash	5 pts.
"	- second in potato race	3 "
"	- third in rope climb	1 "
Wilson	- third in hop, step & jump	1 "
		<hr/> 10 pts.

The ninth annual Outdoor Track Meet will be held at the Portland Stadium on May 20. This is the usual Triple C outdoor meet.

### OTHER ACTIVITIES

Rifle Meet: The boys representing Pennell at the Annual Triple C Rifle Meet were: DeLorme, Hill, Durgin, Wallace, Wilson and Roberts. The Meet was won by Windham. High point man for Pennell was DeLorme with a 70.

Swimming: Because of lack of interest in swimming we did not send a team to the swimming meet.

### Wearers of the "P"

#### Baseball

Class of 1936 -- G. DeLorme, R. Thibodeau, R. Wallace, R. Wilson,  
 E. Leonard and L. Sawyer.

Class of 1937 -- R. Colley

Class of 1938 -- L. Clark

#### Track

Class of 1935 -- R. Merrill and J. Wilkinson.

Class of 1936 -- R. Thibodeau and R. Wilson

#### Rifleman

Class of 1936 -- G. DeLorme

-- Ronald Colley, '37

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## JUNIOR ALPHABET

A is for all of us  
Juniors we are  
After we graduate  
We will climb far.

B is for Binnoy  
Sho's all full of pep  
If you keep up with her  
You'll have to stop.

C is for Celley  
The newsboy, you know,  
If he plays his cards right  
He'll be somebody's beau.

D is for dollies  
The Juniors chief joy  
Some dressed for a girl  
And some for a boy.

E is for Earlo  
And for Earla, too,  
He makes the talk  
But her words are few.

F is for fame  
And add also for Foster  
We're glad that she came  
But sad if we lost her.

G is for goodness  
Of which we all need  
If we had more, our teachers'd  
Be thankful, indeed!

H is for handsome  
And we all are that  
Though tall, short or freckled  
There's none of us fat.

I is for ignorance  
A thing we must shun  
We must study our books  
Though we miss lots of fun.

J is for Jeanotto  
Your most humble poet  
Sho's a great hand for rhyming  
But no one would know it.

K is for Kimball  
He's careful and kind  
And he comes to Pennoll  
To cultivate his mind.

L is for loyalty  
We will ever be true  
To the class of '37  
And the white and the blue

M is for Marjorie  
The baby of our class  
No one ever has a doubt  
That she is going to pass.

N is for news  
Which we all try to gather  
Our interest's the same  
We are "birds of a feather".

O is for Owl  
We will copy this bird  
The less noise he made  
The more things he heard.

P is for Pousland  
And for the name of our school  
Though she keeps things a-moving  
Sho's nobody's fool.

Q is for quiet  
A rare sort of thing  
But something they crave  
When we start to sing.

R is for routine  
To which we must conform  
And if we fail to do it  
There's apt to be a storm!

S is for sunshine  
We need it just to grow  
We learned it in Economics  
For the teacher told us so!

T is for teacher  
Both in school and out  
Things with which we come in contact  
Teach us what it's all about!

U is for unity  
Another word for teamwork  
Hop into the collar  
And cut out all the dreamwork.

V is for Verrill  
A versatile lass  
Sho breaks up the monotony  
And pops up the class.

W is for willing  
For that's what we have to be  
And I am more than willing  
To end with X, Y, Z.

--Jeanotto Harmon, '37



### FISHERMAN'S LUCK

Ernest went a fishing  
As you can plainly see;  
But when he pulled a fishy in,  
It landed in a tree.

Ernest caught a fish  
And hung it in a tree;  
He looked about in sad dismay  
And sighed aloud, "Oh me!"

How to get his fishy down  
Ernest could not see,  
Until he did remember  
That he could climb a tree.

He quickly shimmied up a branch  
And grabbed his fishy tight,  
He then ran home as in a trance  
And had it fried that night.

-- David Kupelian, '38.

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### FRESHMAN NEWS

Mervin throws spitballs,  
Clyde squeaks his seat  
Kay Jordan just smiles,  
And Frances looks neat.

Mervin once said,  
"Do you see something green?"  
And now in our Civics  
He's no longer seen.

"Sid" says to Kay  
"Will you marry me?"  
"I guess not today,"  
She says, as sweet as can be.

Grace writes me notes  
And I answer them quick  
If we ever get caught,  
We'd nearly turn sick.

Miriam is little  
And Urban is big,  
I wonder how they'd look  
Dancing in a jig.

Bill plays on the banjo  
Will his violin  
And Walter Hinds plays  
On a horn made of tin

Freda can tap dance  
With all her young small might  
And I guess Bobby thinks  
It's a real pretty sight.

James Maxwell is forever  
A little bit late  
Yes, he gets always here  
About two after eight.

Irving and Harold  
Whisper, giggle and fool  
Even though they must know  
It's against Miss Frost's rule.

Ray Winslow and Jim Colloy  
Are quiet as mice  
Mildred Hayes and Arvilla  
Are always so nice.

Everett blows on the bugle  
While Donald sings sweet refrains,  
And after listening to this  
We're never exactly the same.

I guess that this ends  
Our news for to-day;  
I have no more time  
And no more to say.  
--Polly Knudson, '39

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### IT'S QUEER HOW POETS MAKE WORDS RHYME

It's queer how poets make words rhyme,  
By using "ring" instead of "chime",  
Or sometimes it's quite the other thing,  
By having bells "chime" instead of "ring"

Sometimes to obtain rhythm and meter  
They make words rhyme like "sweetor",  
And, too, in quite another way  
They use obsolete words like "aye"  
and "nay".

Then, too, some poets (like Ogden Nash)  
Come down upon us with an awful crash  
Their expressive powers become greater  
and greater  
By using Latin like "mator" and "pator".

Not that I fear to say a tongue-twister,  
But that I fear each Mrs. and Mister  
Will take a tip from this little "odet"  
And, with an air rifle, plink each  
rotten poet.

--Anthony Eaton, '38

REASON  
(With apologies to Shakespeare)

The quality of reason is not strained  
It droppeth as a great firm hand of order  
Upon the place beneath it: it is twice liked  
Is liked by him that gives, and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the schoolroom, it becomes  
A diplomatic ruler better than a rod  
Its sceptre shows the force of reasoning powers  
An attribute to faith and loyalty  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of the unruly  
For Pennell is above the unwise way  
It is enthroned in the hearts of teachers  
It is an attribute to Minerva herself  
An earthly power doth then show likest hers  
When reason seasons justice.

--Jeanette Harmon, '37

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Do you wonder I am downcast?  
I am feeble, old and grey  
My children are all grown up  
And have both gone far away.

I like to wander back  
To the time when I was young  
Of an evening by the fireplace  
Where the songs were nightly sung.

I would often tell a story  
To the children on my knee  
But Johnny went to war  
And Charlie went to sea.

And now that I have told you  
You'll not wonder why I'm drear  
For I have waited patiently  
For many a weary year.

For I want to see my children  
And to clasp them by the hand  
For I want to stay there ever  
And to join their angel band.

-- Jeanette Harmon '37

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LOST FRIEND

Throughout the years she'd lived there  
We built a friendly line,  
A narrow curving pathway  
From her back door to mine

Sometimes she'd leave her cooking  
To come and sew with me;  
And once I went to borrow  
Her favorite recipe.

She brought me seeds in spring  
To start a flower bed;  
And often after baking  
I'd take her ginger bread.

I miss her lovely footsteps  
And wonder since she's gone,  
If my new next-door neighbor  
Will want a pathless lawn.

--Estelle Lawronce.

## AN ANNIVERSARY

(With apologies to Ogden Nash)

To-day I am sixteen and three-fourths  
years old

Quite a time since I was born  
I shall probably be much more bold  
When twice that time is gone.

When I look out my window, the dew  
is on the lawn

Good old dew

Good old lawn

You've lasted sixteen years since  
I was born \*

And look! the hen's on her nest

Good old hen

Good old nest

You've worked many years and done  
your best.

All's right with the world

Good will toward man

And from now on

Do the best you can.

\*("born" with a Boston accent)

--Anthony Eaton '38.

## FISHING

Silent are the forests  
Murmuring is the brook,  
A boy alone is tramping  
With a fishing pole and hook.

It's early in the morning,

All is quiet and serene

As a carefree boy sets out

To fish the nearby stream.

The sun is high above,

Everybody's getting up

The boy returns to breakfast

With a patient fisher's luck.

Many think that it is boring,

Many glad when it is done,

But to the nature loving men

Fishing's outdoor sport and fun.

--R. Thibodeau.

## THE CRISIS

The day was cold and rainy,  
The field was like a lake,  
The roots of the home team  
Were praying for a "break".

The scoreboard like a tombstone,  
The Blue it seemed to haunt.  
The deathlike message that it told,  
Made the captain's face seem gaunt.

He called his men together  
And told them what to do.  
They went back to their positions  
Determined the play go through.

In front of the wall of flesh  
The mighty work was done.  
The captain crossed the goal line,  
And the hard-played game was won.

-- Robert Thibodeau

George Delorme

Co-Authors.

## LATIN (A Title)

Surely you have learned of Jason  
The fellow who sought the golden fleece  
And also how Caesar conquered Gaul  
Annexed it, piece by piece.

You all have probably struggled o'er  
Some mean, hard translation  
In which J. Caesar did always soar  
Above some Gaelic nation.

And when you finally forced him through  
Some fast and swift pursuit  
Then it would be easier, you know  
To take the same darn route.

--Anthony Eaton '38

## THE EASTER SEASON

Oh, glorious Easter season,  
The budding of the year,  
You are the very reason  
We have so much of cheer.

You come when winter's ended,  
You bring us joy for grief,  
And now our songs are blended  
In happy, sweet relief.

And in commemoration  
Of my Lord, who fought and won,  
I'll add my admiration  
For the wondrous work He's done.

--J. Eloise Russell, '36

### WHEN SPRING HAS COME

When the snow is gone and the spring is here  
And the sun and the rain have done their part,  
To start the buds on the treetops near,  
And joy suffuses each creature's heart.

The squirrel goes out on his search for food,  
The Robin comes back to his Northern home;  
The farmer, who's cutting his summer's wood,  
Looks forward to plowing his fertile loam.

Far away the call of a pee-wee sounds,  
The birds hunt worms with their tiny bills  
The frost is nearly gone from the ground,  
For spring has come to New England hills.

-- Marvin Harmon  
'36

### WITH APOLOGIES TO PSALM 23

The teacher is my pet grievance;  
He maketh me to study text books when I would rather play;  
He leadeth me along the torturous paths of learning through language and  
history classes,  
He quieteth my voice when I want to whisper; he tries to instil knowledge  
into my head, at least a little, for his name's sake;  
Yea, though I've suffered through four long years, my heart is lighter  
with vacation drawing nearer; for he and I and school will soon  
be parted; his assignments and his tests will bother me no longer.  
On graduation day they will prepareth a banquet for Seniors, and in the  
presence of mine enemy, the teacher, I will cheer to think that  
he and his boring books belong to the past, he might throw a glass  
of water over me, but revenge is sweet.  
Surely joy and freedom shall dwell always with me, when no longer must I  
spend my years within school doors.

-- Betty Knudsen, '36.

### "TO THE FUTURE" (with apologies to Shakespeare)

Oh gracious school! Are we to leave thee soon?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, memories, joys,  
To be left behind us? Fare thee well!  
I know not, future, what you hold  
What else must be in store, what else to come;  
If we ourselves, there is no thing so fit  
As further educational opportunities, nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those its books, made rich  
With the most noble words of all this world.  
We do beseech ye, if you bear us hard,  
Now, whilst we feel the urge for success and wealth,  
Fulfil your duty. Live a thousand years,  
We shall not find ourselves so apt to climb:  
No place will please us so, no mean of work  
As in a college or position, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

--Norma Prince, '36.



# RUTH CLARK

*"Rufus"*

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Concert, 1, 2; Harmonica Band, 4; Home Economics Club, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3; Girls' Athletics, 1, 4; Volley Ball, 2; Freshman Reception Committee, 2; Amateur Show Committee, 4; Christmas Party Committee, 4; Class Will.

Ruth is short, and very cute, too,  
And she chooses for colors red, white and blue;  
True to this ex-army man she'll be,  
Wherever they go, on land or sea.



# GEORGE DELORME

*"Gigs"*

Portland High School, 1; Rifle Team, 2, 3, 4; Manager of Baseball, 2; Athletic Association, 2, 3, 4; Student Council, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Prophecy.

A+ Delorme, he calls himself  
(Though sometimes he only gets C),  
But we know that he's fooling, for  
He's not the star in Chemistry!



# ARLENE HALL

*"Snappy"*

Girls' Athletics, 1; Social Committee, 1; Freshman Reception Committee, 2; Graduation Usher, 3; Prize Speaking, 3; WHIRLPOOL Board, 3; Glee Club, 2, 4; Drama, 4; French Club, 4; Class Prophecy.

Arline has a temper, we know,  
In senior French she shows it all  
When Mr. Richards looks at her and says,  
"Rise above your environment, Miss Hall."



# MARVIN HARMON

*"Dopey"*

Prize Speaking, 1, 2, 3, 4; Triangle Speaking Contest, 3, 4; Drum Corps, 1, 2, 3; Senior Drama, 4.

"Dopey" is the orator,  
As everyone may see,  
And everyone may expect him  
To on the platform be.



# RUTH HITCHCOCK

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball, 2, 3, 4; Property Manager for Drama, 4; Home Economics Club, 4; Harmonica Band, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 4; Christmas Committee, 4; Hallowe'en Committee, 4.

Ruth likes to entertain,  
We now have just discovered;  
Maybe that is why the letters C. E.  
All over her books are covered.





ELIZABETH KNUDSEN

*"Betty"*

Girls' Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming Team, 1, 2, 4; Prize Speaking, 1, 2, 3, 4; Drama, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 1, 2, 4; Volley Ball, 2; French Club, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2.

"Betty" is the athlete of our class.  
The senior author, too.  
And when she gets back from Arkansas  
She will write your poems for you.



ESTELLE LAWRENCE

*"Stell"*

Glee Club, 1, 2, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking, 3; Prize Speaking Committee, 3; Drama, 4; Student Council, 4; Volley Ball, 2; Athletic Association, 1, 4; French Club, 4; WHIRLPOOL Board, 3; Concert, 1, 2; Honor Essay.

"Stell" is a mighty nice little girl,  
But we can't seem to tell her fate;  
By all appearances, though, our pal  
Will be riding in a Ford V-8.



SHIRLEY LEAVITT

*"Shirl"*

Glee Club, 1, 2, 4; Concert, 1, 2; Treasurer of Class, 2; Secretary of Class, 3, 4; Drama, 4; Volley Ball, 2, 4; French Club, 4; WHIRLPOOL Board, 3; Class History.

"Shirl" is an all-round sport,  
Her courage never fails;  
She loves to be on the ocean,  
Beneath the sky and the sails.



EDMUND LEONARD

*"Ed"*

Baseball, 3, 4; Basketball, 4.

"Ed" knows all sport stars from afar,  
His greatest hobby yet  
Is picking the winner of the game  
And making a nickel bet.



JUNE MUZZY

*"June"*

Orchestra, 1, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2; Home Economics Club, 4; Girls' Athletics, 4; Social Committee, 4; Amateur Show, 4.

June, be a good lass  
And play the piano well;  
For your rhythm we'll let you pass  
To Dick Powell and Hollywood Hotel.

LILLABIL POUSLAND

"Patsy"

New Gloucester High, 1; Debating Team, 1; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 2, 4; Volley Ball, 2, 3, 4; Home Economics Club, 4; Secretary of Home Economics Club, 4; Athletic Association, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Track, 2, 3, 4; Advertising Manager of Drama, 4; Musicale, 2; Presentation of School Gift.

"Lil" says she'll be a schoolma'am hence,  
But don't believe that at all,  
For it seems that her residence  
Will be very near the State Capitol.



ELOISE RUSSELL

Class Secretary, 1; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Business Manager of Drama, 4; WHIRLPOOL Board, 3; *Pennell Chatter*, 3; *Pen-All News*, 4; School Paper Sales Committee.

Eloise would do very good,  
Even if she did her worst;  
We know in the greatest game of life  
That she'll always come out first.

LAWRENCE SAWYER

"Huck"

Baseball, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Future Farmer, 1, 2, 3.

"Huck" is a strong, brawny guy,  
As strong as he can be;  
I'll bet if he heard a field mouse squeak  
He'd climb the nearest tree.



MARGARET SAWYER

"Marg"

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Speaking Contest, 2, 3, 4; Triangle Contest, 2, 3, 4; County Contest, 4; Vice-President, 3; WHIRLPOOL Board, 3; Home Economics Club President, 4; Orchestra, 1; Senior Drama, 4; Volley Ball, 2, 3; Graduation Usher, 3; Glee Club Concert, 1, 2; Cheer Leader, 3; Candy Committee, 3, 4; Class History.

"Marg" wants to be a nurse,  
That is her highest ideal,  
But soon for her favorite beau  
She'll be cooking the morning meal.





ANNA SIMPSON

*"Anna"*

Chorus, 1; Track, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; WHIRLPOOL Board, 3; Class Editor, 3; Home Economics Club, 4; French Club, 4; Valedictory.

Anna has pep and vim,  
She has her lessons done;  
Her clothes are very trim.

What will the track team do?

ROBERT WALLACE

*"Bob"*

President of Class, 1; Vice-President, 2; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Drama, 4; Rifle Team, 1, 2, 4; Reception Committee, 2; Graduation Usher, 3.

"Bob" is an energetic young fellow  
Who loves to throw a curve;  
His ambition is pitching.  
Let's hope it will never swerve.



ROSS WILSON

*"Rossie"*

Class Marshal, 1; Vice-President of Class, 1; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Indoor Track, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Rifle Team, 3; WHIRLPOOL Board, 3; Drama, 4; Class President, 3; Football, 2; Manager of Baseball, 3; Class Treasurer; Salutatory.

"Posie," our bold, dashing hero,  
Never was known to get zero;  
He's worked long and hard to help us along,  
So now we sing to him a good song! (Boo!)



### THE FRENCH CLUB

At the first of the year Mr. Richards expressed his wish to have a French Club formed. The French students were enthusiastic about the plan and officers for the club were elected from the various classes. Robert Thibodeau of the French III Class was elected president, Mario Pousland of the French II Class, vice-president, and Wilma Qualey and David Kupelian of the French I Class were elected secretary and treasurer respectively. The dues were to be 3¢ a week. The Club was called Le Cercle Francais.

The first meeting of the French Club was November 20. A French Play was enacted by the third-year class and a short playlet was given by a group of the first and second year students. The entire group sang French songs and refreshments were enjoyed later in the evening.

The meeting was a success and proved to be of great value in ear-training and in knowledge of the country whose language we are studying.

The Committee on Entertainment has a number of plans for French Club meetings later in the spring when walking improves. Motion pictures of France will be shown one evening.

Due to the success of the French Club this year, let us hope it will be continued next year.

The officers of the Club are:	President	-- Robert W. Thibodeau
	Vice President	-- Mario Pousland.
	Secretary	-- Wilma Qualey.
	Treasurer	-- David Kupelian.

Members: First Year: Elsie Bisbee, Vivian Boyd, Barbara Carr, Linwood Clark, Frances Colley, Dean Durgan, Anthony Eaton, Arthur Higgins, Earl Leavitt, Virginia McInnis, James Moroy, Ava McGuire, James Russell, Ralph Sawyer, Edith Russell, Aldine Verrill, Sarah Walson, Earla Whitney.

Second Year: Laura Bennett, Charlotte Foster, Evelyn Morrill, Earle Sawyer, Charlotte Verrill, Marjorie Winslow, Marian Whitney.

Third Year: Arlene Hall, Elizabeth Knudsen, Estelle Lawrence, Edmund Leonard, Shirley Leavitt, Eloise Russell, Anna Simpson.

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## LOCALS

School opened Sept. 9, 1936. There were 85 pupils enrolled. There were

29 Freshmen  
22 Sophomores  
12 Juniors  
22 Seniors

Those pupils having left school during the year are: Phylis Frank, Clara Barton, Sidney Tripp, Edward Wilkinson, C. Joseph Sawyer, and Gerald and Clayton Davis.

Those pupils transferred to other schools are: Zedelle Gram, Yarmouth; Louise, Frances and Mildred Gribby, South Portland; Barbara Askey, Portland; and Daphne Graves, Florida.

Those visiting the school during the year are: Ruth Barton, Howard Cole, Geo. Muzzy, Everett Elingwood, James Wilkinson, Ethel Leavitt, Marion Whitney, Robert Merrill, Helen Caswell, Millicent Sanborn, Mr. Lyseth (from the Stato Department) and the Rev. Arthur Wallace.

Freshmon Reception was held on Oct. 11, 1935. Linwood Clark, president of the Sophomore Class gave a welcome address. Frances Fields spoke in behalf of the Freshmen. The evening program started with games and dancing. Refreshments were served. Miss Frost volunteered her services as pianist.

The Senior Drama, "Dying to Live", was given November 22, 1935. The cast was as follows:

Olivia Winlock, a jealous wife	Arlene Hall
Sampson Winlock, her adoring husband	Marvin Harmon
Sylvia Winlock, his young and charming sister	Norma Prince
Mina Royston, who never misses anything	Elizabeth Knudson
Estelle Gay, a young movie star	Louise Gribby
Melva Jones, who has a poetic nature	Margaret Sawyer
Montrose Langdon, who is "on the cops"	Robert Wallace
Mrs. Dillon Wilworth, a society matron	Estelle Lawrence
Mrs. Naomi Estelle, the innocent cause of much trouble	Shirley Leavitt
Chick Breen, in love with Sylvia,	Ross Wilson
Savoldi Yoitaka, a yogi	Geo. Delorme

### Synopsis of Scenes:

The entire action of the play occurs in the living room of the Winlock home on the outskirts of a small town in southern California.

Time: Present.

Act I. On an afternoon in July.

Act II. A few hours later (evening).

Act III. The following afternoon

Between the acts, the Orchestra and Harmonica Band furnished music. Miss Orissa Frost, a member of the faculty, was coach.

The orchestra was organized this year with Norma Prince elected as manager. In order to obtain the award given at the end of the year, one must attend all but three meetings, practice at least 15 minutes a day and make three public appearances. The personnel of the orchestra are: Norma Prince and Lillabel Pousland piano, Evelyn Morrill, Edith Russell, Eloise Russell, and William Taylor, violin; Wm. Duplisea, banjo; Estelle Lawrence, clarinet; and Miss Arissa Frost, director.

This year there has been organized a Harmonica Band, consisting of 20 students. A list of the participants follows: Estelle Lawrence, Charlotte Verrill, Charlotte Foster, Evelyn Morrill, Norma Prince, Ruth Clark, Miriam Bisbee, Ava McGuire, Margaret Sawyer, Elsie Bisbee, Ross Wilson, Robert Thibodeau, Linwood Clark, Mervin Thompson, William Duplisea and Marvin Harmon.

A combination Bridge and Halloween party was sponsored by the Home Economics Club at Pennell Hall November 1. Refreshments were made by the Seniors during laboratory period of the school day.

There was a reading "The Tell Tale Heart" by Margaret Sawyer, a pantomime "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains", by the Home Economics girls and a tap dance by Freda Glass while her brother Robert accompanied with a harmonica.

The Home Economics Club had a Christmas tree December 19, and invited the sophomore girls. A tree, games and refreshments were enjoyed.

The Home Economics Club gave a social December 20. "A Mock Wedding", dancing, games and refreshments were enjoyed.

The cafeteria started in the Home Economics Department Jan. 27, 1936. It was open to all students and members of the faculty for the sum of 10¢ per meal.

The Home Economics Girls (Sophomore and Junior) gave a mother and daughter banquet April 3 at 7 o'clock at Pennell Institute. A style review was given by two of the girls.

The Home Economics Club gave a social which pertained to an amateur hour, in which everyone joined in making it a very enjoyable time.

Prize speaking was held at Pennell Hall March 16.	The speakers were:
"Whisperin' Bill"	Earle Sawyer
"Spartacus to the Gladiators",	Marvin Harmon
"The Fall of Pemberton Mill"	Elizabeth Knudsen
"The Soldier's Reprieve"	Jeannette Harmon
"Mansions"	Norma Prince
"The American Citizen"	Margaret Sawyer
"Ale Mictes"	Evelyn Morrill
"Brothers in Battle"	Marie Pousland
"Pamela Splicer at the Beach"	Laura Bennett
"Gunga Din"	Gerald Kimball

Margaret Sawyer won first for girls.  
Marvin Harmon won first for boys  
Marie Pousland won second for girls  
Earle Sawyer won second for boys.

The Triangular Contest was held at New Gloucester March 20.

The Home Economics Club of Pennell was organized under the direction of Miss Mabel Robinson by the Junior and Senior Home Economics Girls. The officers elected were: President, Margaret Sawyer; Secretary Phyllis Frank; Treasurer, Norma Prince.

The Chorus was started under the direction of Miss Frost. At first it was open to all but was later changed to a selected girls chorus.

On March , the Senior parts were announced

Valodictory	Anna Simpson
Salutatory	Ross Wilson and Robert Thibodeau
History	Margaret Sawyer, Shirley Leavitt
Gifts	Eloise Russell, Edmund Leonard
Prophecy	Arlene Hall, George Delorme
Class Will	Ruth Clark
Presentation of Gifts to School --	Lillabel Pousland
Address to Undergraduates	Norma Prince

Early this spring the annual magazine campaign took place, planned by the Crowell Publishing Co. The final result was the victory of the girls with the leading number of sales given to Norma Prince. The proceeds were divided between the Home Economics Club and the Athletic Association.

During the study of the Elizabethan Age, the juniors, desirous of obtaining the most benefits possible from Shakespeare's "Macbeth" made miniature characters which are on display at this time in the upper hall. Among the characters were:-

Banquo	Marie Pousland
King Duncan	Mildred Cribby
Lady Macbeth	Evelyn Morrill
Donaldbaine	Laura Bennett
Macduff	Marjorie Winslow

-----

## HISTORY

I ever study history  
I read with all my might  
Somehow it always seems to me  
I n'er get it just right!

Columbus crossed the Delaware  
I never had a doubt  
I get confused and turn real red  
When pupils round me shout!

"Mike" Angelo's a philosopher  
And Socrates did paint  
But Caesar drank the fatal cup  
And Brutus was a saint!

I have wandered through the history book  
I'm a gay cabolero  
The teacher tells me to sit down  
My rank is but a zero.

-- J. H. '37.





#### FRESHMAN CLASS

*Front row, seated:* Clyde Cobb, Everett Doughty, Robert Glass, Walter Hinds, William Taylor, Sidney Leavitt, Arnold Strout.

*First row, standing:* Raimond Winslow, Miriam Bisbee, Freda Glass, Kay Jordan, Mildred Hayes, Beulah Leighton, Arvilla Humphrey, James Colley.

*Back row, standing:* Esther Ellinwood, William Duplisae, Donald Pennell, James Maxwell, Urban Roberts, Harold Nasson, Irving Hill, Polly Knudsen.

Those who were absent when the picture was taken were: Grace Thompson, Mervin Thompson.



#### SOPHOMORE CLASS

*Front row, seated:* David Kupelian, Linwood Clark, James Morey, Arthur Higgins.

*First row, standing:* Virginia McInnis, Frances Calley, Barbara Carr, Ava Megquire, Vivian Boyd, Sarah Wilson, Elsie Bisbee.

*Back row, standing:* Laura Bennett, Aldine Verrill, Anthony Eaton, Earle Leavitt, James Russell, Edith Russell, Wilma Qualey.

Absent when picture was taken: Dean Durgin.



#### JUNIOR CLASS

*Front row:* Marjorie Winslow, Charlotte Foster, Charlotte Verrill, Earla Whitney.

*Back row:* Marie Pousland, Ronald Colley, Gerald Kimball, Evelyn Morrill, Jeanette Harmon.

Absent when picture was taken: Earle Sawyer.



#### SENIOR DRAMA

*Seated:* Shirley Leavitt, Arlene Hall, Miss Orissa Frost, Coach, Estelle Lawrence, Norma Prince.

*Back row:* Marion Harmon, Betty Knudsen, George Delorme, Margaret Sawyer, Ross Wilson, Louise Cribby, Robert Wallace.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

The School is much indebted to Mrs. Julia Hall and Mrs. Mabel Hill for the generous gifts to the Library and Home Economics Department.

Sincere appreciation goes to the Class of 1935 of their generous gift of \$8.14 to the Student Aid Fund. This Fund was started back in 1927 by the Class of 1927-1928 and has as its purpose to financially aid needy Alumni in the pursuance of further education. The Fund now stands, including deposits and accrued interest, at \$74.79.

## JOKES

Teacher: Can you spell 'avoid'?

Gigs: Sure, what is the 'void'?

-----

Mr. Richards: How did they count before they had Roman numerals?

Miss Boyd: I don't know. They used to count on their fingers, I guess.

-----

Clark: Stick your shirt in.

Eaton: Won't stay. It's my work shirt.

Clark: Whaddyou mean, work shirt?

Eaton: Keeps working up over the back of my trousers.

-----

Leonard: Why are you wearing so many coats on such a hot day?

Harmon: I am going to paint my fence and the directions say: To obtain best results, put on three coats.

-----

Laura Bennett was getting a railroad ticket. It was the first time, as her mother had always bought them before. The agent asked her where she wanted to go. She said "Home."

"Well, where is home?" asked the agent.

"In Maine," she replied.

"Where in Maine?" he asked.

"Well," answered Laura snippily, "If you are so inquisitive, I live in Seattle, Washington."

-----

Mr. Stuart: How many senses are there?

Huck: Common sense, horse sense, and nonsense.

-----

Frances: Freda, if there are any men in Heaven, why is it that we never see pictures of angels with whiskers?

Freda: (thoughtfully) I guess it's because most men get there only by a close shave.

-----

Estelle had a little beau  
A jealous beau, no doubt;  
When the little beau came in,  
The little lamo went out.

Estelle had a little pa,  
A jealous pa, no doubt.  
When the little pa came in,  
The little beau went out.

-----

Doris Manchester was making her first train journey, and as she said good-bye to her mother, she was cautioned about talking to strange men. When she arrived at the station, a kind conductor asked, "Where are you going, Miss?"

"To San Francisco," answered Doris.

So the conductor put her on the train for San Francisco. As she seated herself, she said, "I guess that's fooling him. I'm going to Quebec."

-----

Miss Frost: Jimmy, give an example of a synonym.

Junmy: My twin brother, Johnny, is my synonym.

-----



A LITTLE SLOW

Shirley was just learning to type. After listening to rapid fire dictation, she said to the teacher, "Now, Miss Frost, what did you say between 'Dear Sir' and 'Sincerely yours?'"

-----

Grace: I hear you're saving soap wrappers to furnish your new 8-room house.

Esther: That's right. And we've got 7 furnished already.

Grace: Well, why don't you furnish the other room?

Esther: We can't. It's full of soap.

-----

Mr. Richards: Have you a cucumber?

Gardener: Yes, here's one for 5 cents.

Mr. Richards: Too much. Have you one for 2 cents?

Gardener: Yes, here's one. (Showing him a small one)

Mr. Richards: All right, but don't pick it now. I'll call for it in about a week.

-----

ALL RIGHT NOW

The telephone in Mr. Stuart's house was working badly and he sent for a man to come to look over the wires and straighten things out. The man came and after working for a half-hour, he said:

"I think it is all right now. Suppose I call up my wife and see how it is working."

So the man (Vic Leach) called up his wife at Dry Mills. "Hortense?" No answer. "Hortense?" No answer. Then he put on an authoritative tone, "Hortense!"

Just then the lightening struck the wires and "Vic" fell, completely stunned. When he came to several minutes later, he said, "That's her! The telephone is working all right now."

-----

Freda: Let's walk down to Hayes and get a breath of fresh air.

Francis: I can't. I haven't any money.

-----

The Freshman mathematics class' favorite song is: "I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze", when Mr. Stuart forgets to give an assignment.

-----

In the lobby of the hotel sat Bob Wallace. They were very strict about men and their cigarettes. The manager walked by and happened to see Bob toss his cigarette butt on the floor. He stepped up, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Say, do you see that cigarette butt on the floor?"

Bob looked up and said, "You can have it, mister. You saw it first."

-----

"The motorist that hits me will certainly be sorry," said Mervin.

"Why," inquired his sister, Grace.

"Because," said Mervin, "I'm carrying a stick of dynamite in my pocket."

-----

One night about dusk, Gerald came running into Wallaces' where Bob was feeding his cattle. Gerald said, with a gasp, "Quick, help me pull father out of the mud. He is up to his knees in the water. Hurry before he drowns."

Bob said slowly, "He will not drown as long as his head is out of water."

"That's just it," returned Gerald, "he fell head first in the water."

-----

Tib: Ross, you look sleepy to-day.

Ross: Yeh! I sat up all last night to see where Wink's vanishing cream went.

-----

Lindy: Father, where is Atoms?

Mr. Clark: I don't know that there is such a place, son.

Lindy: This morning Mr. Stuart said an explosion blew two men to Atoms.

-----  
A new resident, an Indian, bought a new de luxe Ford at Lawrence Leighton's. He got in and drove away. Soon he returned from Dr. Beck's all bandaged up. Meeting Estelle's father, he said, "I buy new car; drive down road, go heap fast; trees and houses go by; see heap big bridge come down the road; turn out to let bridge go by. Bang! goes the car, give me nudder one."

-----  
Edith Russell, reading a biography - "Miss Ward went to school at Westbrook cemetery."

-----  
Tib: Did the noise we made bother your folks when I brought you home last night?

Marie: Oh, no! It was the silence.

-----  
In the days of the carpet baggers, a carpet bag judge once fined a young lawyer for contempt of court. The charge was totally unjustified. When an older lawyer defended the young man, he too was fined ten dollars in gold. In the back of the room was a man named General Hampton. He rose, walked to the front of the room and placed two ten dollar gold pieces on the clerk's desk. The judge asked, "What is this for? Why do you give me this?"

"Because," replied General Hampton, "I have twice as much contempt for this court than any one else here."

-----  
Mr. Richards said to Cobb, who was sitting with his feet in the aisle and chewing gum, "Mr. Cobb, take your gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

-----  
Gigs: I've read in our U. S. history book that George Washington threw a silver dollar across the Rappahanock.

Ross: I've read that, too, and also that he pitched his camp across the Delaware. My, what a strong man.

-----  
Mr. Stuart: (in Gen. Science) What part must be fixed exactly right in the operation of a door bell?

Taylor: A long and short ring code so she will be sure and answer it herself.

-----  
Mr. Stuart, phones: "Operator, give me eleven times thirty-two, minus six, divided by five, add it to twice the original number and make it snappy, please."

-----  
Mr. Richards: "How many seasons in the year, David?"

David: "Two. Baseball and football."

-----  
Mr. Sawyer went to a hardware store and asked for some hinges.

Mr. Sawyer: I want some hinges for the back of my garage.

Clark: For the back?

Mr. Sawyer: Well, you see, I stop when I come in, but Margaret doesn't.

IN PENNELL THERE IS:-

A "Huck" but no Tom Sawyer.  
A Cobb, but no corn.  
A Hall, but no push.  
A David but ne Goliath.  
A Betty but no Boop.  
A Richards but not Lion Hearted.  
A Frost but no fall.  
A Robin(son) but no Hood.  
A Sawyer but no wood.  
A "Sampson" but no Delilah.  
A Lawrence but no saint.  
A Prince but no princess.  
A Win-slow but no win fast.  
An Earl(e) but no count.  
A Marie but no Theresa.  
A Morrill but no hazard.  
A Jeanette but no MacDonald.  
A George but no Washington.  
A Colley but no cheese hound.  
A Wilson but no Woodrow.  
A Russell but no leaves.  
An Arthur but no round table.  
A Frances but no drake.  
A William but no Tell.  
A Field but no meadow.  
A Don but no Quixote.  
A Maxwell but no coffee.  
A Forest but no trees.  
A Carr but no wheels.  
A Barbara but no Frietchie.  
A Kathleen but no Mavourneen.  
A Glass but no wine.  
A Harold but no "teen".  
A Hill but no vale.  
A Stuart but no throne.  
A Small but no big.  
A Robert but no Fulton.  
A Whitney but no cotton gin.  
An Edith but no golden hair.  
An Humphrey but no Gilbert.  
A Walter but no Raleigh.  
A Hinds but no cream.  
A Ma-"bel" but no dinner bell.  
An Urban but no rural.  
A Grace but no charm.  
A June but no July.  
A Dean but no college.  
A Ross but no Betsy.  
A Principal but no interest.  
An Antony but no Cleopatra.  
This is a lark but no sparrow.

### WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF?

June Muzzy and Ruth Clark were separated?  
Laura Bennett and Vivian Boyd lost their giggles?  
Ruth Hitchcock did not write to South Portland?  
Urban Roberts did go to West Gray?  
Someone did not give side remarks in U. S. History?  
Betty Knudsen did not receive three letters in a week?  
David Kupelian arrived at school on time?  
Evelyn Morrill missed a word in French?  
Mr. Richards did not catch someone chewing gum?  
Someone knew Current Events in U. S. History?  
Clyde Cobb did not give excuses?  
Walter Hinds did not say huh?  
Marvin Harmon did not give an oral talk on Tib?  
The Home Ec Girls arrived at class on time?  
Edmund Leonard forgot his football knowledge?  
The senior class did not argue?  
Mr. Richards did not change someone's seat in Civics?  
We did not play seven in and seven out at socials?  
Irving Hill did not turn red when Mr. Richards looks at him?  
Sarah Wilson forgot some of her big words?  
Someone in the Algebra II Class did not take over an exam.?  
-- Lillabel Powsland, '36.

### Well Known Personages in Pennell are:--

Maggie and Jiggs	-- Margaret Sawyer, George Delorme.
Skippy	-- Robert Thibodeau
Dopey (the famous G-Man)	-- Marvin Harmon.
Popeye	-- Jimmie Colley
Yodelling Cowboy	-- Earle Sawyer.
Mutt and Jeff	-- Kimball and R. Colley.
Ethiopian lecturer and authority on "Italy's Future in Ethiopia"	-- Marvin Harmon.
Football Hero	-- Edmund Leonard.
Captain and the Kids	-- Mr. Stuart, Thompson, Cobb.
Tillie the toiler	-- Lillabel Powsland.
Mac	-- Bill Duplisea
Major Bowes	-- Lawrence Sawyer.
The gong	-- fire extinguisher
Grace Moore	-- Doris Manchester
Burns and Allen	-- Tony Eaton, Vivian Boyd.
Ginger Rogers	-- Mario Powsland.
Three choirs	-- June, Doris, Ruth
Mae West	-- Sarah Wilson

P is for patience, for you and for me,  
E is for earnest, the right way to be.  
N is for neatness,  
N for nobility.  
E is for eagerness to show our ability  
L is for loyalty, bright as the sun,  
L is for labor. That's how things are done.

-- J. Harmon, '37.

## EXCHANGE ?

We'll compliment you, Falmouth  
On your literary section,  
We'll wish you luck, to spur you on  
To reach your goal, perfection.

We like the "Crimson Rambler"  
Congratulations on your Lit  
The ad. department is complete  
We like your fun and wit.

Scarb'ro's book is very good  
One of the best we've had;  
Your jokes are very practical,  
Editorials and ads.

We've a cheer for you, too, "Unity"  
A good poetic section, too,  
You've an original year book  
And your rivals are but few.

Amaracus is for Monmouth  
Your joke department's good,  
But why not use more pictures,  
We really think you should.

And now South Paris's calling,  
Their copy's just reached me,  
Their compositions are just fine  
Success just fits them to a T.

Last of all we want to tell you  
We wish you all success,  
And we are sure you'll win it;  
If you don't we'll miss our guess.

--Jeanette Harmon  
Exchange Editor

## ALUMNI NEWS

### Officers of the Alumni Association

President	Ina Fogg, '00
Vice President	Ernest Libby, '31
Treasurer	Marion Hawkes, '28
Secretary	Elsie Megquire, '91
Executive Committee	Jennie Cole, '05; Maynard Dolloff, '30; Carroll Foster, '29

### Class of 1935

Ruth Barton is attending the University of Maine.  
Helen Caswell works at Simpson's Grove in the summer  
Glendon Cobb is at his home in Gray  
Priscilla Dunn, who has been ill at the Maine General Hospital, has  
returned home.



Alumni News, Class of 1935, continued.

Alice Leavitt is working in Portland.  
Robert Merrill is taking a post-graduate course at Cony High School.  
George Muzzy is working at the A. & P. Store, Gray.  
Bernice Nason is working at Dutton Hill.  
Gertrude Nason is working for Mrs. Anderson, Gray.  
Adah Richards is living at North Gray.  
Elenore Simpson received a scholarship from a correspondence School.  
Elizabeth Whitney is living at home.  
Nancy Wobb is working at Gilbert's in Portland.  
Phyllis Winslow is working at South Waterford.  
James Wilkinson is living at South Poland.

Class of 1934

Mrs. Albert Mitchell (Phyllis Barton) has a daughter, Jacqueline May.  
Mrs. James King (Mary Sawyer) is living in Gray.  
Mrs. Sherman Gray (Lillian Wallace) is living in Gray.  
Mrs. William Wilkinson (Glennis Morrill) is living at South Poland.  
Warren Cole is attending Bates College, Lewiston.  
Frank Cooper attended Bates College, Lewiston.  
Dorothy Edwards is attending Gorham Normal School.  
Edward Webb is proprietor of a lunchroom at Gray.  
Lafayette Wallace is living at Gray.  
Orin Whitney is living at Gray.  
William Caswell is living in Gray.  
Ernest DeLorme is working in Portland.  
Silas Foster is living at Dry Mills.

Class of 1933

Eleanor Chipman is attending Gorham Normal School.  
Laurence Carter is living at Shirley Mills.  
James Frost has joined the C.C.C.  
Eortense Caswell is training at Saint Barnabas Hospital, Portland.  
Viola Winslow is at Coleman's Business College, New Jersey.  
Howard Cole is working at Hiram, Maine.  
Clyde Verrill is working for the Lane Construction Company.  
Charlotte Webster is living at Gray.  
Maxine Peterson is working in Massachusetts

Class of 1932

Margaret Loring is teaching at Walnut Hill  
Dorothy Winslow has graduated from St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland.  
Phyllis Hancock is working in Portland  
Harland McPherson is attending the University of Maine.  
Mr. & Mrs. Clyde Muzzy (Marion Clark) and family have moved to Yarmouth where he is employed.  
Mrs. Evelyn Doughty (Evelyn Gallop) is living at South Gray.  
Ruel Taylor is attending Aviation School.  
Arthur Harmon is working at Simpson's Grove.

Class of 1931

Mrs. Erwin Barton (Elizabeth Merrill) has a son Jon; they are living at West Gray.  
Ernest Libby is teaching school at East Gray.  
Leon R. Brackett is teaching at Poland.  
John Hancock is attending Mt. Hermon, Northfield, Mass.  
Arnold Tripp is attending the University of Maine.  
Frances Manchester is working in the I.G.A. store.

Alumni News, Class of 1931, continued.

Mrs. Loslie Davis (Olive Doughty) is living in Woodfords.  
Mrs. MacNeal Brown (Irene Potter) is living at Dry Mills.  
Norman Dolloff is living in Gray.  
Allen Tripp is living at North Gray.  
Mrs. Carl Simes (Abby Dolloff) has a son, Richard Carlton.

Class of 1930

Maynard Dolloff is living in Gray.  
Ruby Severy is teaching at Hancock, Junior High School.  
Phyllis Leavitt is living in Gray.  
Owen Hawkes is living in Gray.  
Mrs. Woodrow Grover (Arlene Tripp) is living in Oxford.

Class of 1929

Miss Evelyn Lowe is teaching at South Paris.  
Ellen E. Meggare is teaching at Bellows Falls, Vermont.  
Willard Caswell is living at East Gray.  
Mrs. Victor Leach (Hortense Lowe) is living at Dry Mills.  
Carroll Foster is living in Gray.  
Barbara Libby is working in Augusta.  
Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Sawyer have a daughter Berta Lee.

Class of 1928

Winifred Cobb is teaching at the Primary School, Gray.  
Norman Cole is teaching at Falmouth High School.  
Mrs. Hugh A. Smith (Ambigne Cushing) has a daughter, Meril Cushing.  
Louise Campbell is married to Mr. Bleske.  
Marion Hawkes is teaching at Dry Mills.  
Mary Todd, deceased.  
Mrs. Kenneth Sawyer (Evelyn Pierce) is living in Gray.

Class of 1927

Mrs. John Doughty (Louise Chipman) has a son John T., Jr.  
Everett C. Ellinwood is enlisted in the Army.

Class of 1926

Clara Edwards is working for Mrs. E. M. Merrill.  
Mrs. Guy L. Prince (Kathryn Leavitt) is living at Gray.  
Kenneth Sawyer is living in Gray.  
Mrs. Richard Sanborn (Bernice Winslow) is receiving congratulations for a son Arnold Clayton.

Class of 1925

Inc. Severy is teaching in South Portland.

Class of 1924

Ellen Cole is teaching at North Gray.

Class of 1923

William Douglass is working in an A & P store at South Paris.  
Marguerite Verrill is teaching in Massachusetts.

Class of 1922

Percy Quint is living at Dry Mills,  
Clarence Quint is living at Dry Mills.  
Guy Prince is working at Lawrence & Leighton's Garage.  
Mrs. J. E. Peck (Kathryn Sweetser) lives in Portland.  
Mrs. Gerald Humphrey (Harriet Russell) lives at East Gray.  
Elizabeth Douglass works in the Post Office.  
Mrs. Jos. Small (Frances Cole) teaches violin lessons.

Class of 1921

Mrs. E. S. Lothrop (Alice Sweetser) lives in Portland.

## Alumni News, Class of 1921, continued

Mrs. Carl Duplisac (Marguerite Morrill) teaches school in New Gloucester.

Mrs. Edward Loeser (Ruth Blake) has a daughter Carolyn.

### Class of 1920

Mrs. Frank Pipor (Frances Cushing) is living in Cornish.

Karl Libby is living in Gray

John A. Morrill is Deputy Sheriff in Gray.

## RED LETTER DAYS

- September 9. - School opens, the freshmen mob the place.  
13. - Friday, the 13th, and the teachers would have to give exams.  
18. - Although the day was not given to some students, they took in Cumberland Fair.  
25. - Curtis Publishing Company man came; no one minded because the last period was omitted.  
29. - "Bearling" instructions given at the Pousland home. Also "Walter" was introduced this night.  
30. - The faculty was given a reception by the Alumni.
- October 9. - Swimming Meet at the Y.M.C.A. in Portland. Betty Knudsen was the only representative from Pennell.  
11. - Freshman Reception. I guess now the smaller members of the Freshman Class feel just as good as the larger ones.  
18. - Had a guest speaker, Mr. Armitage, who gave as readings, selections from the works of Dickens.
- November 1. - Hallowe'en party given by the Home Economics Club. A short pantomime "Wild Nell" was enjoyed.  
15. - North Yarmouth Academy gave an old-fashioned barn dance. Some of the Pennellites attended and a grand time was had by all.  
22. - Seniors presented "Dying to Live".  
27. - Had assembly, then the girls and boys divided. The girls organized an athletic association and the boys did also.  
28-29. - Thanksgiving recess. They give us two days, one to eat on and the second to get well.
- December 4. - The Falmouth seniors presented their drama, "Betty, the Girl o' My Heart".  
6. - Big Bog frozen over, now for our skating parties!  
11. - Pennell seniors repeated their drama at Falmouth with a great success.  
13. - Just another Friday the 13th. The first French Club meeting was held and a wonderful time was had by all.  
19. - The Home Economics Club and Sophomores had a Christmas tree and rehearsal of the play. Hot dogs and salads plus pickles, minus nothing, equals a good time.  
20. - The Home Economics Club gave a Christmas party. A Mock Wedding was presented. Games and dances were enjoyed.  
31. - Sarah Wilson was given a surprise birthday party. Nearly all her school mates were present.
- January 13. - Miss Charlotte Oerta substituted for Miss Robinson when she was called to Old Town for the sickness of her father.  
27. - Began the cafeteria in the Home Economics Department.

- January 29. - No school because of weather.  
 31. - Home Economics Club gave an amateur show for the student body. The cup was won by Bill Duplisae and Doris Manchester.
- February 10. - Miss Ina Fogg substituted for Mr. Stuart because of illness.  
 17. - Began having the preliminary prize speaking.  
 24 to March 2 - Vacation.
- March 2. - Half day off, Town Meeting.  
 8. - Took Stanford Achievement test just to show you just how little you really know.  
 12. - No school because of floods.  
 13. - Prize speaking postponed. Another Friday the 13th.  
 16. - Prize speaking contest held. Juniors made a very good profit.  
 19. - Senior honor parts selected.  
 20. - Triangolo prize speaking held at New Gloucester. Pennell won second place. Margaret Sawyer won first for girls.  
 23. - Returned to one session.  
 24. - Boys started practicing for baseball.  
 30. - Alumni entertained the school.
- April 3. - Mother-and-Daughter Banquet. Now it is the mothers' turn to get sick.  
 4. - Indoor track meet at Y.M.C.A., Portland. Pennell team entered.  
 ? - Margaret Sawyer spoke at N.Y.A.  
 16 - Vacation.  
 24. - Social and speaker.
- May 20. - Triple C Outdoor Track Meet.
- June 12. - Graduation.

# BOOK REVIEW ON

"The Roosevelt Omnibus" (\$3.50)

by

Don Wharton

This popular new book is the product of reporters, cartoonists, caricaturists, and cameramen, as they have depicted Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 32nd president of the United States.

It contains numerous pictures, and one section of the book is devoted to a group of photographs of "F.D." taken annually from 1882 to 1933.

Another interesting feature is the chapter composed solely of cartoons of Roosevelt's pre-election campaign.

Mr. Wharton has, in this book, succeeded in writing a biography of a famous man in a very original and pleasing form. Because of this, he has also succeeded in giving to the American people a book that will appeal to them, from the business man to the school boy, from the club woman to the high school girl.

The story centers about Mr. Roosevelt's political career, the set-backs he overcame, and his final rise to the most-coveted position in his country.

An interesting chapter of the book describes the nuptials of the Roosevelt cousins, Franklin and Eleanor. It seems that Uncle Teddy was giving his niece away. When he arrived, the young couple were forgotten and for the remainder of the ceremony Pres. Theodore Roosevelt basked in the spotlight with the bride and groom as minor attractions .....

We are presented with a word picture of the Roosevelt home life which seems to make us feel more intimate with our "first family".

In summing up the merits of this fine book, it is correct to say it is truly a book for the young "dreamer of dreams". This engaging narrative, too, will prove entertaining to the older members of the family who respect and admire the great man and who wish to know more about the man who can rise with a smile after going through such a grave affliction.

The author compiled this work especially for people in the latter group. (Alfred A. Knopf: New York).

-- Sarah Wilson, '38

#### BUILDER OF THE FUTURE

One evening, a young man sat in his father's study, reading "The Outline of History" by H. G. Wells. Suddenly, he looked up, and on his face was a look of rapture, while in his eyes was a dreamy expression.

He was dreaming of all the marvelous inventions, which, through all the ages, have made this world a better place in which to live. Before his eyes, there passed in review, the history of the world, from the beginning to the present day.

First, he saw Cro-Magnon man, kneeling over a fire, trying to make it burn. He saw a fight between a wild beast and a human; hand-to-hand struggle in which death was the penalty for the loser.

The scene shifted. He beheld great pyramids being built by giant black slaves; men toiling until they fell to the ground, mangled and torn by the great whips which were constantly lashing them.

Next, he saw Nero, fiddling while Rome burned. Against the night sky, on a balcony of the palace, was revealed the statuesque figure of Nero fiddling his wild refrain, while the flames leaped higher and higher, and the people dashed madly about.

Then, King Arthur and his men were seen riding to battle in the early morning, with their armor glistening in the sun, and their pages and squires riding by their sides.

Again, the scene shifted, this time to America, the land of the boy's birth. He saw a band of Pilgrims carrying on a grim struggle with half-naked Indians. The Pilgrims' cabins were burning behind them, and their children were being slaughtered unmercifully by the Indians.

The next scene was that of Bunker Hill. Up the hill the "Redcoats" were marching to do battle with our forefathers, who stood determined to protect their homes and their liberty.

He saw, next, a prairie schooner with a young couple on the high seat. The young man drove with strong and steady hands, while, beside him rode a gentle young wife, nursing a baby, and straining her eyes for a glimpse of what lay beyond the next ridge.

Finally, it was the present day. The boy saw great steamships plowing through the ocean, stream-lined trains gliding across the continent, airplanes flying to all parts of the world, and giant skyscrapers being built with many stories extending into the air.

Lastly, he dreamed of the future, where nothing could be definitely seen in the haze before his eyes. But, he was convinced in his own mind, that, some day, in some way, he should help build up this mighty civilization of ours, which is continually growing larger and better. "The Dreams of Youth Can Come True."

-- Earle H. Sawyer, '37.





### WORK

The word "Work" implies something unpleasant to some people; again, others think of it as something done habitually because there is need for it. It is true that work is essential. It is wholly responsible for the continual progress of our country. Everyone who took part in its development has the satisfaction of having proved himself useful, if not a great man.

Work is a continued activity, which is not necessarily disagreeable or unpleasant, directed to some end or purpose. It is an undertaking, a task.

Besides being educational, it indirectly prevents crime which in turn is promoted by idleness. Too, life would be one endless bore without work. It provides a means of living. It is beneficial to body development when taken in right amounts. It encourages strength and health through exercise. When the purpose of work is gained, it gives one a feeling of being independent.

If you ever have a good case of the blues, just plodge yourself to work. You will discover that work is the best, if not the only, real trouble chaser.

June Muzzy '36

"WILL ROGERS"  
Ambassador of Good Will - Prince of Wit and Wisdom  
by  
P. J. O'Brien

The author was in the U. S. Navy Aviation service during the war. He served as a student officer and was stationed at Pensacola, Florida. After the war he received an honorable discharge from the Navy and turned to writing as an occupation. He became an intimate friend of Roger's and thus he is very well fitted to write the biography of the beloved "Will".

The chief character of the book was of course "Will". Many other characters were mentioned and their names if listed would form a roll call of the most famous people in the world, for "Will" was the friend of nobility as well as common people. Wiley Post, with whom Rogers <sup>was</sup> flying when he met his death, is also mentioned prominently.

There is no question as to who is the most popular character in the book, for "Will" was one of the best liked "characters" whom the world has ever known, whether in real life or in reading. His ready wit and sense of humor made him the favorite of millions, young and old. Will Rogers was probably the most beloved man of our time. He was one man in the entertainment world who more than balanced by his exemplary life any of the scandals involving people of the theater. He was one of the most charitable and tolerant men ever known. There wasn't an atom of envy in his system.

There is no character in the book that I dislike, for, anyone or anything connected with Will Rogers may well be a friend to anyone.

One of the scenes in the book, which I liked best, vividly portrays Rogers' character and his big heart. This scene took place when Will was spending his vacation on a famous resort in the Southwest.

"Will was once sitting on the porch of a fashionable hotel in a health resort in the Southwest when an unshaven, dirty, bowlegged old tramp came up to him.

'Don't you remember me, Will?' the little man said. 'I used to ride with you in Zach Mulhall's show.'

Rogers knew that if all the cowboys who claimed they had ridden with him in WildOWest shows were enumerated, that branch of the show business would have had a larger census than the rest of the industry combined. He looked over the stranger and said.

'Old Timer,' Rogers drawled, 'you don't look like you was a rider. You look like you been rode.'

But the big heart of Rogers could not be denied and he pressed a bill into the stranger's fist.

As he summed it up, time and again: 'I never hated anybody or anything.'

The purpose of this book is to better acquaint the public with the life and experiences of one of the most lovable men of all times. Probably very, very many people the world over have heard of "Will" and know of his fame, but this book contains many incidents about him which have never before been recounted and also puts his life in a compact volume which will always be a delight to its readers.

The benefits which I received from this book were many. Like many

others, I had known him as a famous moving picture actor, comedian, and news commentator, but before now I never realized what a wonderful man he had been and how fortunate we had been to have a man of his genius in our midst. I am sure everyone mourned his passing and wished that the life of such a personality might have been spared.

(A rather curious incident has just happened to me. As I am writing this report, the radio is going in the other room and on Bing Crosby's program a famous personage is being interviewed. This man is Owen Davis, the famous playwright. He is telling how he got his start in Hollywood when he went there to help direct and write Will Rogers' first two talking pictures: "They Had to See Paris" and "So This Is London". This is a good example of how far reaching Will Rogers' influence really was.)

#### The Life of Will Rogers.

The activities and events of Rogers' life have been classified into twelve divisions. I will give a brief resume of these divisions.

#### Rogers' Boyhood

Will Rogers was born in the old Indian Territory which now comprises the State of Oklahoma. He was born November 4, 1879. He was the son of Clement Van Rogers and Mary Schrimsher Rogers, both of whom had Indian blood in their veins. They came from pioneer stock. Those two facts were a great satisfaction to Rogers and in later life he frequently remarked, "My ancestors didn't come over in the Mayflower -- they met the boat."

He always declared that he was born bowlegged to be a cowboy. He was sent to many schools, but he never stayed long because of his great desire to roam and travel from one place to another. He went to the Argentine and punched cows and later arrived in South Africa during the Boer War. At the end of the war he joined a Wild West show and after traveling all over the world arrived in Los Angeles three years after he had started out to see the world.

#### A Cowboy's Courtship.

On his arrival home he met Betty Blake the sister of the Ooglah depot agent. Rogers pursued his ardent courtship for the rest of the summer, but when fall came she returned to her home in Arkansas to resume teaching school and Rogers returned to the Wild West troupe. However, in the summer of 1908, after he had achieved fame in vaudeville, he hurried down to Arkansas and took her for his bride. This proved to be a perfect match and they lived a very happy life up until the very day of his death. He always claimed that his wife had the better judgment.

#### Rogers on the Stage.

When he first went on the stage all that he did was roping tricks, but one day he accidentally made a humorous quip that took the audience by storm and thus his famous career started. He became a close friend of the late Flo Ziegfeld and appeared in the "Follies" for a number of years. It was at this time that he formed his lasting friendship with Fred Stone.

#### Rogers in the Moving Pictures.

He first went into pictures in 1919 and in the next few years he produced many silent films. He always wrote his own titles. He returned to the stage for a short time but soon he was back in pictures. In 1929 he started making talking pictures and he became a star overnight. His knack

of playing his famous rôles and his Oklahoma drawl registered immediately with audiences all over the country. His dressing room was the rumble seat of his automobile where he kept a few different neckties and his battered typewriter on which he wrote most of his famous news comments. Some of his most famous pictures were:

"Connecticut Yankee"

"State Fair"

"David Harum"

"Judge Priest"

"Life Begins at Forty"

"Steamboat Round the Bend"

"Doubting Thomas"

"In Old Kentucky"

#### Rogers on the Radio

He became just as great a success on the radio as he had been on the stage and in the movies. His witty comments on affairs of everyday interest and his many pithy sayings made him an outstanding feature on the air.

#### Rogers as a Writer

Rogers' fame as a writer rests on his writings for newspapers. He always called writing his column his "Daily chore". He was a self-made diplomat and he launched his shafts of wit on anyone that came into his mind. It is estimated that he had nearly 40,000,000 readers when he was writing for the newspapers. His column in a short time became the most popular feature in many of the papers from coast to coast.

#### Ambassador of Good Will.

He was many times referred to as "Ambassador Rogers" and although he was not an acknowledged government ambassador, he spread good will throughout many nations of the world. Whenever he attended any public dinner he always wore his "Ole Blue Serge" as he called it. During all his travels abroad, he sent home reports which he entitled "Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat."

#### Rogers and Politics

As a commentator on the ever changing political scene, he was the court jester to the nation, but behind his straight shooting barbs of humor was a sound wisdom that was eagerly sought by the high officials who were his targets. Although Rogers was a lifelong Democrat, his wit was vented on both political parties, one as much as the other. He was a favorite of President Coolidge. At one time he was elected Mayor of Beverly Hills and although this was a strictly honorary position, he pretended that he was boss of the movie community for two years.

#### Rogers the Philanthropist.

Will Rogers was a philanthropist whom any man might emulate. He probably spent over a million dollars of his own money on charity. He always affirmed, "Money don't bother me". He was a friend of all needy cowboys. He was lending a helping hand for any worthy charity. His pet charities were the Salvation Army, and the Red Cross.

#### On the Speaker's Platform.

He was always in great demand as a speaker. He went on many lecture tours from which the proceeds were donated to charity. As in his writings, he always was joking about some well known person. He was a close friend to Al Smith.

#### Prime Minister of Aviation.

Will Rogers was "The No. 1 air passenger of the United States," accord-

ing to the records of two great transcontinental air lines. He was always boosting aviation and preferred riding in planes. His favorite air men were Frank Hawkes, whom he traveled with on his speaking tour, and Wiley Post, whom he was with when he met death. He always joked about death in the air.

#### Flying with Wiley Post,

Rogers and Wiley Post decided to take a long leisurely airplane trip as a vacation. They went to Alaska first and there they greeted Matanuska Valley Pioneers. After they took off from there they headed for Point Barrows and it was only a short distance from their destination that they met their death. They crashed into a shallow stream amidst the miles of barren tundra. An eskimo carried the news of the tragedy to the nearest settlement. From here the sad news was flashed all over the world. Joe Crosson, the famous Arctic pilot, brought the bodies back to civilization.

#### The Last Rites.

Rogers rested in state in Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Hollywood and it is estimated that about 150,000 persons viewed his bier. Wiley Post laid in state in a bronzo casket in the capitol building of Oklahoma. There was a throng of 15,000 persons who viewed the bier as it lay in state for two hours. Many tributes were paid to the two gallant men but the two most touching were the following:

"Wiley Post has come to rest," the governor said, his deep voice raised above the murmur of the crowd.

"Wiley Post flew around the earth. Wiley Post ascended above the earth to heights thought unattainable to men. Today, Wiley Post precedes us, his friends, on that greater journey we all must take some day.

Fare thee well, Will Rogers; fare thee well, Wiley Post.  
Happy Landing!"

-- Governor of Oklahoma.

"Will Rogers"

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'" -- Conrad Nagel.

-- Ross Wilson, '36

#### A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

Long ago in the town of Berkshire, lived a very miserly, old man named Samuel Clinton. He would sell or trade anything he had in order to get money to store away. He had sold everything except his little bungalow and a few furnishings, besides a large tract of land at the other side of his home. He wanted to sell this, too, but no such good luck had come to him, yet.

After a period of about three years, a stranger walked into Berkshire one day. He was very neat in appearance and very well dressed. He would walk about from street to street as if he were hunting for someone.

At last one day, about the middle of the afternoon, as he came upon one of the villagers, he stopped him and asked, "Is there a suitable tract



of land around here on which one could build a house?"

Being somewhat puzzled as to what this man could want with such land, he hesitated a while, then answered,

"No, I don't recollect any for sale right now."

As he got no satisfaction here, the stranger wandered further.

At last, he came upon another villager whom he had seen many times since his arrival. He stopped this man, and asked him the same question that he had asked the first man. The reply he received this time was this:

"North of here about three miles on Warbuck Avenue lives a very miserly, old man named Clinton. He has quite a large tract of land up there that he did wish to sell. I reckon he's given up the idea now as no one would buy it, three years ago. He ain't taken very good care of it lately, but I suppose it could be fixed up."

The stranger thanked him and hurried away to Warbuck Avenue. He soon arrived at the home of Mr. Clinton, knocked on the door and waited. As he received no answer, he knocked again. This time, a little, old man of about sixty years of age, came to the door. The stranger told him that he was Harry Gilmore.

He and his family had lived in the West, but, because of the ill health of his wife, doctors had advised him to come to the East. He wanted to buy a tract of land here and build a house and later to bring his family. He also told him that one of the villagers had directed him there. Clinton told him that he'd think it over and to come back the next day. He wanted to sell still but he was not especially glad to sell to strangers.

The stranger walked away in a sober manner, for he was not, as yet, sure of the land. The night seemed to go very slowly because he was anxious to know about his land. Soon, morning came, and he arose earlier than usual. He was soon on his way to Mr. Clinton's. He hurried as fast as he could, and, in due time, arrived there. He knocked on the door and as before Mr. Clinton answered his knock. He cordially invited him in, as he did not wish his business to be made public.

The first thing he asked of Gilmore was the price he intended to pay for such a tract of land. Mr. Gilmore had set no price, and at last it was declared a bargain for \$250. Together they went to inspect the land.

That very day Clinton secured a deed from the town officers, and had it made out. Being in such a hurry, Gilmore forgot to ask him if there was any other claim or mortgage on the land. Neither one thought of it, however, and it passed by.

Gilmore then cabled to his wife, and told her that he had acquired the land and that they would start the house soon.

By the end of six months, it was finished and painted, both inside and out.

Soon his family arrived and they settled down, and were very happy in their new home.

Everything went on smoothly until some four years later. Then a man, James Marshall, by name, came to this place from Canada. He used to reside in Berkshire, but was called away to Canada on business matters and was just returning.

Being a very inquisitive man, and seeing a new house built there, he called on Mr. Clinton one day, for they were good friends. After he found out that Mr. Gilmore had purchased the place from Mr. Clinton, he wasn't satisfied. Soon, he called on Clinton again. This time he also was "in the business" for in his hand he carried a paper. During their conversation Mr. Marshall asked Mr. Clinton how long he had owned the land which he had recently sold to Mr. Gilmore.

Upon making no answer, Marshall produced a mortgage on the tract of land which Clinton had sold. Clinton later recalled having sold the mortgage some time before.

Now much more business is to come about, just because of the neglect of a little question mentioned at the time that the deal was made, and the deed given.

Gilmore either has to move or go through another process of securing his place.

At a recent meeting of the three, Clinton, Marshall and Gilmore, Mr. Marshall closed the conversation by saying:

"Friends, next time, I hope you will remember more carefully that little old adage: 'One stitch in time, saves nine.'"

-- Frances Colley, '38

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### IDLENESS IS THE SOURCE OF ALL EVIL

"Satan always finds some mischief for idle hands to do" is true today and has been true since man was created.

Idleness, in many instances, led man into degradation and crime. When we see both young and old standing destitute on a street corner, when we read about a crime committed by someone who is forced to do wrong in order to live, and, when we see a person who has trudged for days to find employment and worn by fatigue and near the point of starvation, we are able to understand how idleness is a source of evil. We are, in some degree, able to forgive this. However, there are wealthy people who become "good-for-nothing" because they are able to live a life of leisure. Instead of spending to a good advantage, they actually throw money away. It means little to them because they are accustomed to it. We find people who apparently have everything, but they are unhappy, simply because they haven't anything to take up their minds or anything for which to work.

Those who come into wealth through inheritance seldom are as successful as those who start with little, but have something in view to accomplish.

Because of the great depression of our entire country, idleness has been enforced. During this siege many have taken their lives because of discouragement and despondency. These are the people who might have "built twice" had they been given the chance.

An example of forced idleness is Abe Faber, one of the trio of criminals, who was recently executed. He was a promising graduate from a college of technology, but through unemployment he began to drift into wrong paths and came in contact with the wrong type of people.

Schools do much to prevent idleness. In larger schools a great many outside activities are carried on, such as: sports, entertainments, music recitals, literary work and art displays.

Boys and girls who have some sort of amusement or occupation to do, are under favorable conditions for they have less time to think of evil things. With this in mind, the boy and girl scout organizations were founded. The young people work for merits, and derive a great deal of benefit and enjoyment from their work.

-- Wilma Qualey, '38

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## FRYE'S LEAP FOR LIFE

Last summer, while I spent a few days of my vacation at Oxford, I chanced to form an acquaintance with a very interesting old lady who took great pleasure in relating several of the town's ancient but interesting legends to me. Therefore, I will endeavor to tell you of the legend which interested me the most.

Down in the southwestern part of the town of Oxford, in a little village lived Leon Frye with his wife and three small children. When he was at home, he worked in a grocery store. Everywhere he went he was attended by his faithful dog Rickey.

When not at work, he liked to go on long hunting expeditions with three or four men and Rickey as companions. Many times a year they went to different parts of the country and spent a week or two.

While on one of these expeditions they went to a camp on Sebago Lake. Just before it was time for their meals, they went to the lake and caught fish enough for the following meal.

One morning at daybreak they started out with Rickey and two other dogs. They intended to spend the day, for they had a lunch in their hunting coat pockets. After they had gone about a mile, the dogs began to act uneasy, as if they wanted to run. By this time, Rickey, who had gone a little ahead of the rest, began to bark.

Then Frye let the others go, and soon they were following a fox track, freshly made. After they had followed it across many fields and through several forests, John, one of Frye's companions, saw in the distance a red fox, walking leisurely along. The dogs rushed forward, and soon they were on the shore of Panther Pond in Raymond.

When they reached the other side of the pond, one of the other men uttered a loud cry. He had seen an Indian Camp, and, at that time, the Indians wished to kill all the white men. The Indians heard his shout as well as those of his own companions. They rushed forward to catch Frye and his companions. Each tried to think of some way to escape, as they ran through the woods, followed by half a dozen Indians.

They came to a place where the roads separated. Frye took one road, and the others took the other one, not noticing meanwhile the loss of Frye. After they had run about a mile, John looked round and saw three Indians following. He spoke to the others. They turned and raised their rifles to their shoulders. A noise was heard and the Indians fell to the ground. John and his comrades decided to return to the camp to await Frye's arrival, if he escaped the Indians.

In the meanwhile, the other three chased Frye out on Raymond Neck. He neared the cliff (called Frye's Leap now) and was undecided whether to jump or to turn back and let the Indians kill him. He wavered for a moment, but, when he heard the shouts of the Indians, he jumped. They uttered cries of disappointment. They had lost the one whom they had followed, and had come very near catching. Now, since they could not kill him, they went back to their camp, consoling themselves by saying that he was dead, because no one could jump one hundred feet to a ledge, and pick himself up alive.

When Frye jumped, he thought that his life was ended, just as the Indians did. He felt himself falling, and coming nearer to the ledge every second. He fell into a large clump of bushes, which completely covered him. He remained stunned for a moment. Then he began to wonder if the Gods had tried to save his life.

After he heard the last shout of the Indians, he crawled forth from the bushes, and looked around to see where he was. He saw a stream of water,

beyond which was a large island. He thought that, if he could get onto that island, he would stand some chance of being discovered. As he was an expert in swimming, he did not hesitate to try to swim across.

At last he reached the island. He was exhausted, and, spying a camp, he crawled toward it. He opened the door, and found no one within. The bed looked very good, and Frye throw himself across it.

Immediately he fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke, he looked round to see what he could find to eat. After a luncheon on roots and wild berries, he thought he would hang up something to let a passing steamer know that he was on the island. As near as he could make out, it was a week since he lost his comrades. One day, he saw a large boat coming toward the island. He was delighted and they carried him to Naples. From there he went to Oxford.

When he drove into his door yard the next day, his wife came rushing out to meet him, followed by the children. Oh, such misery as she had passed through in the last few days was not to be known. Ever since John, one of the party, had returned and spread abroad the report that Frye was killed by the Indians, the neighbors had called to express their sympathy. Now, when they saw him, they rushed over to learn his story. Many would not believe what he told them.

Then he said he had gone on his last hunting trip, and that he was going to get work in the store. But he could not, and every day he could be seen sitting in Sam Mitchell's store, chewing tobacco and drinking hard cider with the other lazy men of the village. Every stranger who visited that village was persuaded to listen while Frye told his story.

All the young boys who went into Mitchell's store would sit and listen to Frye's story. As long as he would talk, they would stay in the store, but the moment he got through, they rushed into the street, wishing that they could leap onto a ledge and swim across a river, so that they could be called the heroes of the country round.

-- Arlene F. Hall,

#### FEAR

When one arrives at Lambert Field his first glance is drawn to the Mechanics. Among them he sees Bill Jones, a tall young man with light hair and blue eyes. Upon first looking, the observer is inclined to think that Bill is quiet and unconcerned with his surroundings. All consider Bill a daring youth but he has an inward fear that has not been discovered by his fellow workers, because of his solitary actions. This emotion caused many miserable nights in his life. Terror! The sight of one of his unfortunate friends mangled in a crash makes him cower. When he sees the plane itself, he realizes that some objects built in days of patient labor are demolished in seconds.

On the second day of May, Bill reported to work as usual. On the bulletin board were placed coming events of interest to flyers at Lambert Field. It was a habit for Bill to cast a glance at the board each morning without concentrating his eyes on any fixed point. This morning, however, his eyes were drawn to a fixed spot where a notice of the Air Races, which would take place next week at Lambert Field, was placed.

He hurried on, thinking to himself that it would be another day which would make the ambulance drivers and doctors earn their wages.

All through the hangar men had gathered to discuss the coming event. Many of these men would be contestants. How many would be a success? How many would the Grim Reaper take back with him? Only time could answer these questions that ran through Bill's mind.

Bill arrived at his bench. Here he settled down to cleaning the plugs of a motor, included in his daily task. Joe Norris, one of the few intimate friends of Bill's, came over and greeted him with the customary salute. "Maya, kid!"

Bill turned at this and said, "Hillo, Joe! Seen the invitation to die?"

"I saw notices of the Air Races if that's what you mean," he replied.

"You sure hate these events, don't you? Why let a thing like that scare you? Why, flying in these races is as safe as a bridge club."

"Yeh, like a mixed one when you trump your partner's ace."

"I have a proposition to make. You and I know the air and its tricks. You and I can enter into fancy flying and pull the 'death drop'."

This declaration left Bill trembling within himself as to whether or not he should expose his feeling. If he admitted fear, how the gang would ride him!"\*

"O.K.," he managed to murmur.

"We will take the Curtis two seater. If we tighten the struts on the wings she will stand anything 'Pop' could have put her through," continued Joe.

During the rest of the week, Bill had visions of planes, crashes, unfortunate jumps, and white dead faces. He avoided Joe as often as possible so that he could not say he lacked enthusiasm.

The night before the races, Bill paced back and forth like a lion in his cage.

"What if a strut goes? What if the stick jams? What then?" He kept asking himself similar questions. "Pop went that way." Pop was the instructor who crashed in the races a year ago.

The day of the races arrived. Bill gathered up enough courage to look over the plane. He left his room and went to the field where most of the pilots were fixing the planes.

"What yer been doin', slacker? Skippin' out of work," kidded Joe.

"Cut the wise cracks! I might as well tell you that I am scared. I won't go up this afternoon. I am hoppin' out in a little while."

"What do you mean, scared?" inquired Joe.

"You might as well know I am yellow! I knew it would come out in time. I have been seein' 'Pop' in my sleep for the last week. B-r-r-r, what a dream!" he shuddered.

"Rats! You're too far inter this ter back out now! You're going up!" declared Joe.

Then an argument arose. Finally Bill agreed to go up.

The Curtis was primed for the flight when Bill and Joe arrived at the field. Joe drew the number for his event. He would fly third!

The first two planes had completed their manœuvres when the Curtis bounced down the long smooth runway. Gradually it rose. Up with the plane rose Bill's fear. 1000, 2000, 5000 read the altimeter. "Only 5000 more feet," he thought, "and then?"

The peak was finally reached. Joe turned around and smiled at Bill. Now for the death drop! \*

Down, down, down they went, zooming through the atmosphere. Bill gulped as the struts hummed.

\* intentional frag.



Suddenly he tensed himself. Something was wrong. Then Joe turned around and signalled to jump. He was up and then out before Bill realized the danger. There passed a moment in which Bill was inspired. "If I bring the crate down will they notice me?" These thoughts forced those of fear completely out. He jammed the stick. It let go. Success! He was about 5000 feet and still zooming. He eased the plane out of the dive and landed.

Joe was right there with, "Yellow, H---! You had more nerve than David! You were bluffing."

"He thinks that I was bluffing! Well, I'll let it go at that," thought Bill. "Anyway, it's over," he said smiling out on terra firma, knowing he had gained control of himself.

-- Robert Thibodeau, '36

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One crisp, cool October afternoon two boys, who were eager and spirited for the outdoor life, decided to spend the afternoon walking. These youths, Jack and Paul, thought that, instead of having just their own company, they would ask two girl friends to accompany them. Jack asked Betty, a girl whom he was friendly with, and Paul asked his cousin Marion.

They called at Betty's house with an appetizing lunch neatly packed, and eagerly invited her to join the three. Betty was somewhat indignant to think that she should have to go walking to have a good time. She exclaimed, "For goodness' sake, couldn't you get near so we could go farther and not exert ourselves to almost the point of cripples? Anyway, I'd lots rather wait until tonight and go to a dance or go swimming at the club." The three hikers were very bewildered.

Paul spoke up, "Gee! Betty. We had our hearts set on this walk, and the lunch and all. Won't you please come with us? We didn't intend to get a car or go far. We just wanted to have a nice walk." Betty consented.

The four started out. They came to an abandoned road which went by a lake; so, they decided to take that way. It wasn't long before the boys and girls were laughing and talking, and enjoying themselves beyond Betty's comprehension.

They took notes on the different birds they saw. The girls picked up many beautiful leaves, which had been colored by the paint-brushes of Nature, to hold as treasures. At last, Jack made a vote that they eat. But Betty protested and said, "Oh, no, Jack. Let's walk a little ways farther until we come to the lake. It is all so beautiful!"

They came to the lake presently and sat beside the beautiful mirror, and ate their lunch. Then they journeyed home. When they reached their own homes they all gave a sigh of satisfaction and vowed to take a hike every week end.

What did those boys and girls gain from this walk? First, they enjoyed each other's companionship. Second, they learned to appreciate nature. The walk was healthful. It kept them from doing the things Betty suggested, which would have been of no help to them. If they had gone in a car, they would have missed the sky, birds, trees, leaves and other interesting points.

A walk, shared in the company of others, is one of the most uplifting and beautiful exercises one can do. It doesn't have to be in October, for Nature varies her points of beauty every month to make a walk more interesting.

-- Norma Prince, '36.

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## THE GHOST OF THE LOST CEMETERY

Late in the summer of 1917, the British and Canadian units, located in the northern Meuse-Argonne sector near Chantilly, were waging a determined offensive against the Germans. The Germans were very firmly entrenched and the Canadian Engineers were engaged in running tunnels under the German lines so that they would be able to bomb the trenches.

About two miles to the southeast of Chantilly, the 26th Royal Canadian Engineers were stationed. On the night of August 22, Captain Duncan stationed two of his men in each "sap", as the listening posts, which were located in No Man's Land, were called. The sole duty of those men was to detect any German mining operations which were headed under the Canadian lines.

The "sap", farthest from the lines was located about one hundred yards from a ruined cemetery. This post, because of its location, was especially undesirable and none of the men relished the prospects of being detailed to duty there. However, as someone must be stationed there, lots were drawn and two men were chosen for the task.

At nine o'clock the men went on duty and the two men chosen gingerly proceeded to their post. They regarded the cemetery in the dim light given by the half-observed moon and silently cursed the luck which had sent them there. They took turns listening and nothing happened; so, gradually their fears began to be allayed. As the hour of midnight approached, a vague feeling of uneasiness began to steal over them and finally on the very stroke of midnight, as if it had been accorded by fate, they heard the boom of a long distance gun-fired from behind the German lines.

In a few moments they heard the whine of the coming shell and they sought shelter in their dugout. They immediately saw that the shell would land in the close vicinity of the old cemetery. They emerged from the dugout and watched the shell strike. It struck in the very center of the old cemetery and to their horror and amazement there came to them across the still night air a wavering, piercing, shriek as if from a person suffering acute agony and a white ghostlike figure seemed to hover above the spot where the shell had struck. For a moment they were too panic stricken to do anything, but as soon as they regained their senses they fled from the outpost in terror. Before they had regained half the distance to the main lines their sense of duty overcame their fear and knowing that court-martial was the penalty for deserting one's post, they returned and took up their fearful vigil. Nothing further happened and promptly at sunrise they returned to the main lines.

As soon as assembly was called they recounted their harrowing experiences of the night before to their comrades who all believed the story to be a product of imagination. They were subjected to a great deal of good natured joshing but they steadfastly stuck to their story in spite of the disbelief of their comrades.

That night the two men were again assigned to the same outpost. They immediately refused to go and begged to be assigned to another post, but the Captain, refusing to believe such nonsense made them resume their post. They again took turns on guard and began their fearful vigil until the hour

of midnight should arrive. At midnight, precisely as on the night before, they heard the boom of the gun behind the German lines and soon a shell came whining over and struck again in the middle of the cemetery. Again there arose that wavering, piercing, shriek and the white ghostlike figure hung over the spot where the shell had struck.

When they returned to the lines in the morning they told the same story as they had the day before. Some of the other men now began to feel uneasy and they thought perhaps this might not be purely imagination. The Captain, determined to squash their beliefs and restore the morale of his men, ordered a searching party to proceed with the two men to the cemetery and see if they could determine the cause of the trouble.

When the detail arrived at the cemetery they immediately found a large shell crater in the center of the place. Their flash-lights could not penetrate the depths of the gloomy hole, and so the Lieutenant in charge of the detail asked for volunteers to be lowered into the hole by a rope under their armpits. No one volunteered, consequently a man was ordered to perform this task. He pleaded with the officer but he was finally made to go.

A rope was tied under his armpits and it was agreed that when he tugged on the rope he was to be pulled up. They lowered him down, down, and finally the rope was slack. They knew he had reached the bottom. At that same moment there came a piercing shriek and the rope came loose. They rapidly pulled it up and to their horror they found the rope stained with blood. The Lieutenant ordered another man to descend. The rope was tied and they started lowering him down. When he reached the bottom they still grasped the rope determined to haul him up quickly, if anything went wrong. They heard a harsh grating sound but before they could pull on the rope there came another piercing shriek and the rope came loose in their hands. The men by this time were ready to turn and flee. The officer ordered them to halt. He announced that he was going down the hole. The men pleaded with him, but he could not be persuaded; so, finally they decided that two men should be lowered at the same time.

They fashioned two ropes and the lieutenant and another man prepared to descent. Each carried a flashlight and a sharp trench knife in his mouth.

When they reached the bottom each one snapped on his light and they saw that they were in a large underground cave. There at their feet were the two bodies of their two comrades, both dead. They knew they were dealing with something very dangerous; so, they proceeded cautiously and just as they were rounding a bend in the passageway, a deformed creature snarling hideously and showing discolored yellow teeth sprang at them. They dropped their lights and were soon locked in a death struggle with their assailant. Finally, the Lieutenant drove home a fatal blow with his trench knife and they felt the thing gasp and slowly sink to the floor. They groped around on the floor to retrieve their lights and when the light flashed on a pitiful spectacle met their eyes.

On the floor at their feet was the body of a man, horribly emaciated from lack of food and clothed in a few rags. On closer inspection they found from his credentials that he was a member of the 6th Canadian Engineers, who had occupied that sector a few months before. This man had been

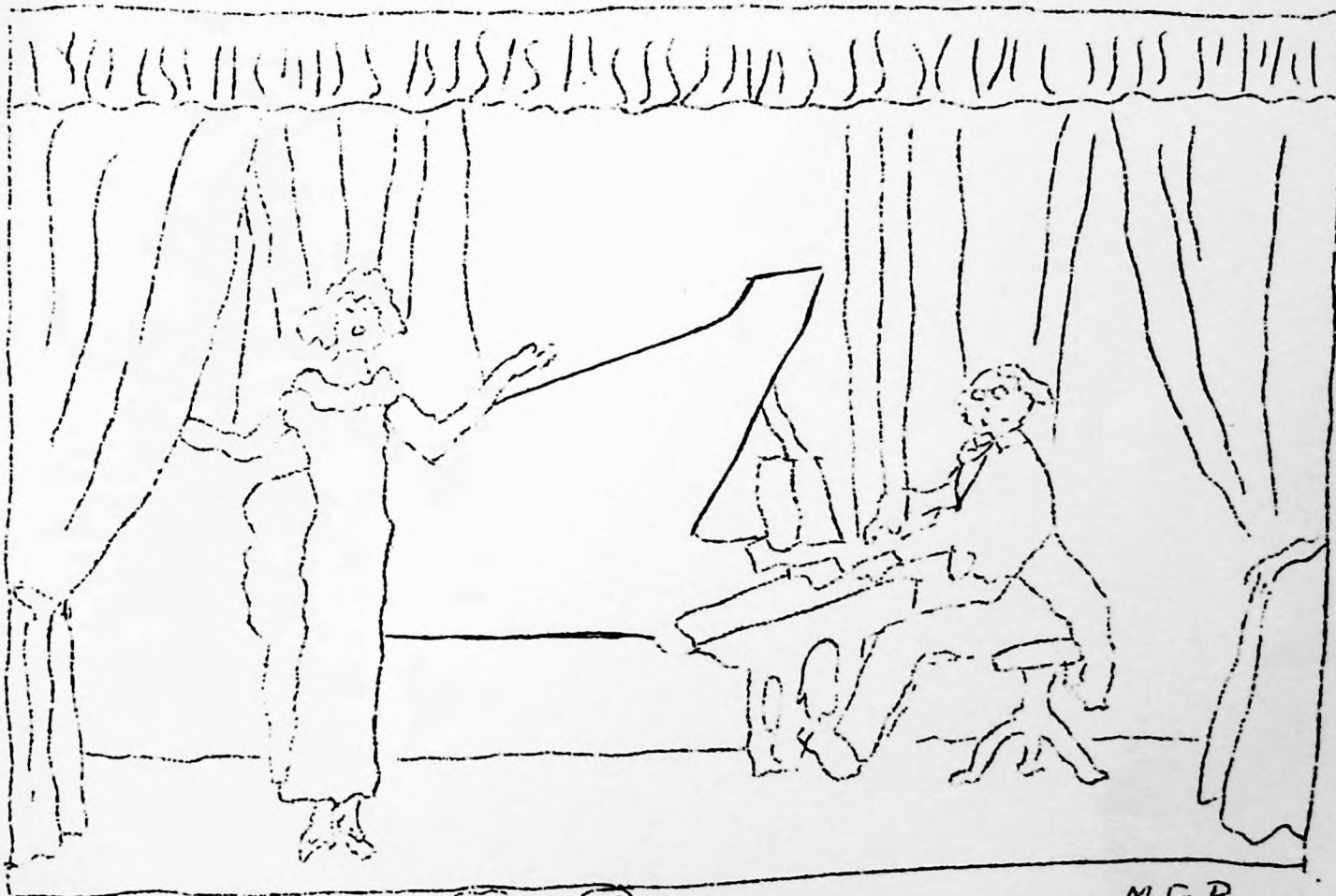
engaged in digging a tunnel when a German shell caved in the excavation and he was literally buried alive. He had survived for two months on the leather from his shoes and rats and mice that he had killed with his knife.

They bared their heads a moment in silent prayer over the bodies of the three dead men. Then they signaled the men up above and soon they pulled up the bodies and the two men and they returned to camp with their burden.

The next day at sunset as the flag was being lowered and Taps being played, three flag-draped coffins were lowered into three simple graves side by side and three heroes covered with the sod of the land that they had fought so valiantly to protect.

Finis.

-- Ross Wilson, '36



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ONE Act Plays

MGP



## A YANKEE ABROAD

### Characters:

Sam Brown	- A traveling Yankee.
Monsieur Tricot	- Owner of the hotel
Madame Tricot	- His wife
Mademoiselle Tricot	- His daughter
Piquette	- The Waitress
1st Guest )	
2nd Guest )	- French gentlemen,
3rd Guest )	
4th Guest	- A gentleman who is traveling incognito and who speaks English.

It must be remembered throughout that only the Yankee speaks English. The conversation of the others is supposed to be in French. The Yankee knows nothing of French.

### Scene 1

The Place: A small hotel in an out of the way town in France.

The time: About 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon about the first of March.

(1st, 2nd and 3rd guests are eating at a table in the little dining room of the hotel. A tall raw-boned Yankee enters R.C. and seats himself with a crash that can be heard all over the house. He has selected the table farthest from that of the three guests. He throws his hat on the floor, crosses his legs and looks around.)

(Enter Piquette)

PIQUETTE (in French): Your order, Monsieur?

SAM: (staring at her): What say?

PIQUETTE: Your order, Monsieur? (Sam nods in an understanding way and draws a small notebook from his pocket).

SAM: Gosh, I'm glad I wrote down all those words before I left the States. I'll try the first one. (He reads from the notebook) Bouquet.

PIQUETTE: Yes, Monsieur, (exits right).

SAM: This French is a cinch. All you have to do is read the words and say "dépêchez" when you want 'em to hurry.

(Enter Piquette, at right, carrying a bouquet which she places in the vase in the middle of the table).

SAM: Well, I got something, anyway. I'll try again. (reads) "Pommes de terre." "Dépêchez."

PIQUETTE: In a moment, monsieur. (Exit left).

(Enter 4th guest at R.C. comes down to the table and sits opposite Sam. He speaks first in French, then, as his companion looks bewildered, in English).

4th GUEST: Good evening, Sir.

SAM: An Englishman! Wal, I'll be durned if I ain't glad to see ye.  
How's all the folks to hum?

4th GUEST: (smiling slightly) Quite well, thank you; and yourself?

SAM: Oh, I'm as fine as a ripe gucumbor in July.

4th GUEST: I understand that you do not speak French.

SAM: Wal, I guess you're right. Not much anyhow.

4th GUEST: And how do you got along hero in France?

SAM: Wal, you see, about a week afore I left home I wrote down all the Frenchy looking words I could find in the catalogues and magazines.  
When I want something I read off a few.

4th GUEST: And do you get what you want?

SAM: (hesitatingly) Wal, I always get something, anyway.

4th GUEST: Well, I must be going. Good luck to you, Sir. (Exit R.C.)  
(Enter Piquette with a plate of potatoes, at left)

PIQUETTE: Your potatoes, Monsieur.

SAM: (taking his notebook and reading) Fleur-de-lis.

PIQUETTE: What did you say, Monsieur?

SAM: (reading) Bonne et Belle.

PIQUETTE: You say that you think I am pretty, Monsieur?

SAM: À la mode! (seeing that he has made a happy blunder he continues.  
Always reading from the notebook) Je vous aime. (Aside) I got that from a True Story Magazine, I hope it works.

PIQUETTE: Monsieur!

SAM: (thinking that he has made a mistake and reading the next line in the notebook) C'est vrai!  
(PIQUETTE turns quickly, covering her face with her hands and runs toward Left Center door).

SAM: Dépêchez. (Exit Piquette)  
(Enter Monsieur Tricot, Madame Tricot, and Mademoiselle Tricot at right center)

MONSIEUR TRICOT: What is this? Where can Piquette be? Is there something that you want, Monsieur?

SAM: (reading) Grand Père!

MONSIEUR TRICOT: What?

SAM: (throwing down the notebook in disgust) Ham and eggs!  
(Monsieur Tricot stares. Sam tears a sheet of paper from the notebook and quickly draws pictures of a pig and an egg. He gives it to Monsieur Tricot, who looks at it, then throws it down in rage and shouts at Sam)

MONSIEUR TRICOT: You dare!

SAM: (opening notebook) Bête noire!  
(1st Guest approaches) (Warn curtain)

SAM: Billet d'oax, enfants perdus, imporiale.

1st GUEST: The man is crazy.

SAM: (still reading at the top of his voice) Kimona, Marcolle, Tre-jarc, De trop, Rouji, Lingerie!  
(Madame and Mademoiselle Tricot turn quickly away)

SAM: (still reading) Bonne Nuit!  
(CURTAIN)

## HIS BUSY NIGHT

Time: Evening.

Scene: Living room in the Weston household.

Characters:

Tom Patterson	- A middle-aged crook.
Ann Weston	- A pretty eighteen-year old girl.
Jack Manloy	- Her young sweetheart.
Mrs. Weston	- An over-bearing woman, who shows <u>she</u> is "boss."
Mr. Weston	- A small, meek, baldheaded man. <u>Very absent minded.</u>

When the curtain rises, the stage is empty. For furniture there is a table, chairs, divan, secretary on one side and a fireplace. A curtain is over the right center door.

(Tom Patterson enters quietly through left window. He glances stealthily around and goes to the secretary in the corner)

TOM: "Hm! Safe so far. I knew those people wouldn't stay away from such a party as the Gilbert's. (Rummaging through desk) Old Weston always leaves the pay roll in this desk for the night. Boy, two hundred dollars would certainly make this boy's pocket book larger. Now let's see, where do you suppose that envelope is?"

(For a few minutes he takes envelopes out of drawers and looks in them. He finds the envelope. He opens it)

"Twenty - thirty - fifty - one hundred - one fifty and two. All here. Now for a clean get-away." (Puts envelope in inside coat pocket and starts toward window. Stops quickly as key is heard turning in outside door. He stands behind the long, heavy curtains over the right center door. Anne Weston and Jack Manloy enter quietly at lower right. Anne speaks)

ANNE: (nervously walking back and forth and wringing her hands) "Oh, Jack, how do I know what to do. You haven't got a job and even though Father is only a small town merchant I am better off here. You know that Mother doesn't like you. Lord only knows why, but still she doesn't."

JACK: "I know, darling, but I'll make her like me after we're married. Now don't get cold feet. We left that party to olope, now don't back out. Run upstairs and pack your bag and change into some sensible clothes. Hurry, darling, they'll be back soon."

ANNE: "All right. I'll hurry because - (softly) I know you're waiting." (She exits lower left)

(Jack sits near the table. Takes a magazine and tries to read) (Tom comes from behind the curtain) (He walks behind Jack)

TOM: "Good evening, young man."

JACK: (startled, jumps up. Seeing it is not Mr. Weston, he tries to regain his composure) "Why -- good evening. Er - r - nice evening - or - or - too bad it is raining."

TOM: (amused) "Yes, isn't it. Mr. and Mrs. Weston will probably be home early tonight because it is raining. They always said that they hate to drive home late in the rain. Er - I suppose you are waiting for them?"

JACK: (nervously glancing toward the door through which Anne had left)  
Yes - or No - or, well, not exactly. You see, I was waiting for Anne."

TOM: "Anne? Oh, yes, the maid no doubt. I don't recall Mrs. Weston saying that she had a maid. Miss Weston's name is Anne, but she has gone to the Gilbert party."  
(Anne enters lower left; she carries a bag and wears a suit)

ANNE: "All ready, dear. While I've been dressing, I've lost all doubt -- Oh, I didn't know anyone was here!"

JACK: (crossing over to Anne and standing beside her) "Don't be afraid, Anne. I've been suspicious of this man since he came. He pretends to be a friend, but I don't know. (to Tom) Now if you'll excuse us, we shall be on our way."  
(They start toward right door. Tom stops them).

TOM: "Just a minute. I hate to interrupt you, but er - er - I don't believe Mr. and Mrs. Weston would like it. In fact, I know they wouldn't like it. That's why I am here."

ANNE: "What do you mean? Who are you, anyway?"

TOM: "My dear Miss Weston, I am a detective hired by your father to prevent your elopement. They feared that you would be a little hurried in your love affair, so, I was hired to prevent any rash moves. I think I hear Mr. and Mrs. Weston coming now."  
(Mr. and Mrs. Weston enter at right)

MRS. WESTON: "Oh, John, wasn't that a lovely -- Oh! what is going on here?"

TOM: "Well, folks, I've stalled them off. I guess I've done my work well this evening."

MRS. WESTON: (to Anne and Jack) "Anne Weston, haven't I told you not to see this young man again? And you (to Jack) - you young whippersnapper - Get out! If you ever come in here again your name will be mud." (She turns to Tom) "But who are you?"  
(Jack exits hurriedly)

TOM: "My dear lady, your husband hired me to prevent this elopement. I am a detective."

MRS. WESTON: (to JOHN) "Why didn't you tell me this, John?"

JOHN: (mookly) "I must have forgotten, dear. I have even forgotten it myself."

MRS. WESTON: "John Weston, if you get any more absent minded I shall divorce you. You even forgot to dress in the morning. And now you forget you hired a detective. Anne, go to bed."  
(Anne picks up her suitcase and slowly exits lower left)

MRS. WESTON: "My dear Mr. - er, pardon me, but I didn't get your name?"

TOM: "Jones is the name. I am one of the Jones boys."

MRS. WESTON: "Mr. Jones, I don't know how to thank you for all you've done. I don't think they'll try to elope again. You come around to Mr. Weston's office tomorrow<sup>and</sup> -- if he remembers to go to the office -- he will pay you. Now, if you will excuse us, we will retire. Good night, Mr. Jones."  
(They exit left).

TOM: (alone in the center of the stage) "Whew! What a night. I'm darned lucky I have a good imagination. Well, I'd better hop the midnight freight out of here. When they find the money gone, they'll be after me. Well, it was worth two hundred dollars. (Turning to the door through which the Westons had left) Good night, folks, sweet dreams." (Exits through window).

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

by  
Betty Knudsen

A One-Act Play  
in  
Three Scenes

Cast of Characters:

Mario Brown	- about 18, ordinary girl
Mrs. Brown	- her mother
Mr. Brown	- her father
Paul Gallard	- long lost son of Mrs. Gallard. (She does not appear in the play)
Howard Main	)
Albert Bean	) - four friends of Marie's about her own age.
Arnold Sullivan	)
Fred Berryman	)
Dr. Frisbie	- attending physician.
Beatrice Wilson	)
Phyllis Kline	) - three girl friends of Marie's, about her own age.
Jacqueline Morang	)
Three other girls to act as brides maids.	
Annette	- the maid
Rev. Jones	- the minister.

Scene I

Time - about 7 o'clock in the evening.  
Place - at Marie's home.  
Setting - in the living room.

(As the scene opens Marie and her mother are on the stage)

MARIE: Mother, the gang is coming over to-night. Do you mind if we eat up those cookies and have Annette make some hot cocoa?

MRS. BROWN: No, but please clean up the living-room afterwards. And don't be too noisy, because father is going to bed early to-night. And, Marie, - remember what I said about getting ashes on the floor. If the boys must smoke, please remind them that we have ash trays.

(Mother exits L.)

(As Mother goes out L., a knock is heard at Center.)

MARIE: (going to the door) Oh, hi, kids, come on in.

(Three girls and four boys enter, laughing and talking. Marie takes wraps from those who are wearing them. In the meantime Howard is talking.)

HOWARD: Well, Marie, what's on for to-night?

MARIE: What do you say to a game of cards? (Several assent with "OK's" and "all right with us") Girls, just sit down and make yourselves at home. (girls sit) And, boys, will you help put up those card tables? (Indicates tables. The boys get the card tables and chairs and Albert pinches his finger).

ALBERT: Ouch, say, is it the table or me?

BEE: (who likes Albert) You, of course. (Albert smiles at her with an affected sweetness).



(Marie, meanwhile, from a drawer in the table produces two packs of cards, and two table covers).

FRED: Bee, I bet you can't say "What am I doing", three ways.

BEE: (spiritedly) Bet I can!

ARNOLD: (with a twinkle in his eye). All right, go ahead.

BEE: What am I doing? What am I doing? What am I doing?

JACQUELINE: If you ask me, you're making a fool of yourself.

BEE: Well, nobody asked you.

(By this time the card tables have been set up)

MARIE: Come on, gang, get your own partners.

ALBERT: Let's have it, boys at one table and girls at the other.

BEE: (who wants Albert for a partner) Oh, no, that wouldn't be any fun.

PHYLLIS: (lazily). Oh, let's not play at all.

(Fred, Howard, and Jacqueline agree. So Albert sits at one table and Bee immediately sits opposite him. Arnold takes another of the empty chairs and Marie takes a seat opposite him. Fred, in the meantime, folds up the other table and chairs. Bee deals the cards and the players idly pick them up.)

MARIE: Oh, say, Fred, will you put another log on the fire?

FRED: Sure thing. (He does it, meanwhile singing the song, "Throw Another Log on the Fire")

PHYLLIS: Marie, have you got that awful history lesson done for Monday?

MARIE: Sure, why?

PHYLLIS: (who is rather stupid) Well, was it Moses or Columbus who was born in 1732?

HOWARD: Neither one, nit wit. That date (dramatically) marks the end of the Civil War.

(Everyone laughs)

PHYLLIS: (disgustedly) Now you're just making fun of me.

HOWARD: (gets up from chair where he is sitting, walks over, and kneels affectedly in front of Phyllis, speaking patronizingly) Why, my dear child, let me assure you that I had no intention of trying to make you ruin your handkerchief.

(He sits beside her on the couch and offers his handkerchief to her. She takes it, puts it gently to her eyes, then absently leans over and wipes off her shoes with it, then passes it back.)

BEE: (while Phyllis was doing that) Now that Howard has successfully checked a flood (Phyllis glares at her) might I inquire how many of you are in on this food basket drive, this week? (Everyone says "I" or "me". Mostly "Me's" coming from the boys)

BEE: (continuing) Well, what do you say to sending one over to Mrs. Gallard?

2 or 3: O. K. with us.

ARNOLD: But, I don't think she really needs it.

JACQUELINE: Well, maybe not. You know it's always seemed to me that there was something odd about her.

MARIE: (interested) What do you mean?

JACQUELINE: Oh, I can't explain it, but haven't you ever noticed?

ALBERT: Oh, I can tell you all about that. Haven't you ever heard the story? (Albert pauses impressively)

BEE: (impatiently) Well, go on, tell us!

ALBERT: O.K. But remember, no interruptions and no comments. (Again he pauses, as if thinking. Everyone looks questioningly at Albert).

Well, this is the story as I heard it. (pauses, then goes on slowly and impressively). It seems that 15 or 16 years ago Mrs. Gallard's husband died, leaving her with a five years old son. And being left alone, except for the son, who, I think, was named Paul or Hal or something like that, it was only natural that Mrs. Gallard should center her life around the boy. And then, one day, a month or two after Mr. Gallard passed away, the boy disappeared. For six months Mrs. Gallard publicly carried on a search but failed to locate him. But ever since she has been secretly carrying on her search, but as far as anyone knows, she's never found much.

(Albert stops, and everyone gives a small sigh as if in relief).

MARIE: (dreamily) Do you suppose he'll ever turn up?

(At this juncture a loud crash and bang (and screech of brakes if possible) is heard outside and Marie, Arnold and Albert jump up)

(Then everyone else hurriedly rises)

ARNOLD: Whew, what a noise!

(Marie runs to the window and looks out)

MARIE: (excited and horrified, half-turning back) Kids, it's an accident!

FRED: (having gone to the other window) Boy, I'll say, and what an accident!

MARIE: Quick, someone call Dr. Frisbee (and then does it herself; The ordinary conversation one would use over the 'phone would be used here)

(Mr. and Mrs. Brown enter: Mrs. Brown with knitting, and Mr. Brown in bathrobe, a magazine under one arm and a pipe in his hand)

MRS. BROWN: Marie, what's going on here? (Looks around the room) Thank heavens (relievedly) it wasn't grandmother's vase.

MARIE: Oh, father, it's the most awful accident!

MR. B.: Accident? Where? Come on, boys! Got the ironing board! (Father and boys exit)

MRS. B.: Marie, get some sheets. (Marie exits) Did someone call the doctor?

MARIE: (re-enters) Yes, mother, Dr. Frisbee's on his way.

MRS. B.: Here, girls, help me to fix up this table for the doctor. (The girls remove books, etc., from the table and cover it with sheets to make it look like an operating table).

MRS. B.: (continuing). By the way, where's Annetto? (She rings for Annetto).

ANNETTE: (enters immediately) Yes, Mrs. Brown.

MRS. B.: (efficiently) Annetto, there's been an accident. Bring a basin of water, some bandaging, and some clean, white cloth.

ANNETTE: Yes, Ma'am. (exits)

(Father and boys re-enter carrying man on ironing board, used as stretcher. His clothes are badly torn and he is much scratched about the face and hands. He is groaning. They lay him on the table. Annetto re-enters)

ANNETTE: This is the best I could do, Ma'am. (Lays down materials)

MRS. B.: All right - (pause) Oh, where is that doctor?

(As she speaks Doctor enters)

DR. FRISBEE: Well, well, what have I here? (Puts down his bag. Takes white coat from a suit case and puts it on) Could I wash my hands, Mrs. Brown?

MRS. B.: Right this way, Doctor. (Stops to L., Doctor follows and disappears within. Water is heard splashing. Doctor re-enters wiping his hands on a towel. He throws towel on divan and taking a stethoscope from his bag, and professionally listens for the man's heart beats).

MARIE: (while Doctor is washing hands, etc.) Mother, who do you think it is?

JACQUELINE: (in a hushed voice) Do you suppose he'll live?

ARNOLD: (quietly) Come on, kids, let's scram. The fewer present, the better. Good-night, Marie.

(All quietly go out; the girls on tip-toe. Marie sees them to the door at Center).

MARIE: (in a low voice) Good night, kids, come again.

(Then she returns near the table. As the Doctor listens for the man's heart beats, the curtain falls.

End of Scene I

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Scene II

Time - evening (about a week has elapsed)

Place - in the Browns' living room.

(On the couch before the fire-place, the injured man is lying, bandaged about the head and wrists; a wheel chair is near by. The living room has a sick-room appearance, with a glass of water and medicine bottle standing on the table. Marie is sitting near the couch.

MARIE: And are you really Paul Gallard?

PAUL: Well, I am almost convinced of it. The only identification I have is this locket that I have always carried with me. By the way, Marie, I have been here nearly a week, haven't I?

MARIE: Yes, and I suppose that as soon as the bandages are off you'll be going to see if Mrs. Gallard is really your mother?

PAUL: Well, I guess I'd better. (pauses) And, Marie, if I am her son (taking her hands) won't you please marry me?

(Marie looks happily surprised but does not know what to say)

PAUL: Well, Marie, I guess "silence gives consent". Here, keep this signet ring (takes ring from finger) until I can give you something better.

(Marie takes the ring and slips it on her finger. Just then Mrs. Brown enters. Marie blushes, and gets up pretending to straighten books on the table)

MRS. B.: Come, Paul, you must be getting back to your room now. (She helps him into the wheel chair)

PAUL: (laughingly, while getting into chair) All right, Mother Brown, what you say goes with me.

MRS. B.: (smilingly) Yes, Paul, in one ear, and out the other - when Marie is around.

MARIE: (redder than ever) Mother!

(Mrs. Brown wheels Paul off and Marie goes to the 'phone and calls Jacqueline)

MARIE: Oh, hello, Jackie, this is Marie. I simply had to tell you that. I guess it is Paul Ballard. (pretends to listen) What? Oh, yes. Uh, huh! Well, we're going to be married soon. Well, good-bye. I've got to call Phyllis and Bee. What? Oh, of course. Well, good-bye. (Hangs up. Marie smiles)

Curtain falls.

End of Scene II.

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Scene III

The curtain rises as wedding march is being played. Room has festive appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, then the minister with Bible in his hand. Then Paul and Marie enter, followed by Phyllis, Bee, and Jacqueline and three other girls. Next, Arnold, Fred, Howard and Albert in two's. They stand in position. The music continues throughout. Paul slips wedding ring on Marie's finger, she puts her arm through his and they both smile.

Curtain falls.

THE END

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Miss Frost directed the class to write a brief account of baseball game. All of the pupils were busy during the allotted time except Ronald Colley who sat chewing his pencil, and wrote nothing. She gave him an additional five minutes. The time had almost elapsed when Ronald, in desperation scrawled a sentence. It ran thus -- "Rain, -- no game."

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Russell -- So you're a salesman now, eh? Do you stand behind the product you sell?

Leavitt -- No, sir, I don't.

Russell -- Why, I'm surprised. You should always stand behind your product. What are you selling?

Leavitt -- Mules.

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L. Sawyer -- I heard you were in an accident the other day. Where were you hit?

Wallace -- Well, if I had been an automobile, it would have hit me right in the middle of the license plate.

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Mr. Richards -- Are you eating candy, Sawyer?

E. Sawyer -- No, I'm just getting rid of it.

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## "THE GREAT DUBOIS"

### Comedy in One Act

Time: A day in June

Place: Third class compartment in a train from Marseilles to Paris.

#### Cast of Characters:

André - a young artist, very talkative and candid

Dubois - the great Parisian painter

Davarné - a friend of Dubois.

ANDRÉ: (entering the compartment where Dubois sits) "Good morning, sir." (he sits down).

DUBOIS: (moving his packages) "Wait a moment, and I'll make a seat for you. I imagine you are going to Paris?"

ANDRÉ: "Yes, I am. I wish to become a great artist and I am going to Paris to study under the great artist, Dubois."

DUBOIS: "Who is Dubois?"

ANDRÉ: "The great landscape painter. I would give a fortune for one of his lessons."

DUBOIS: "You exaggerate, don't you? Surely you can't mean a fortune?"

ANDRÉ: "Yes, I do! But I must tell you that Dubois accepts as pupils only those young men who are remarkably gifted and if he sees fit to accept me as a pupil, I shall surely be honored. (Dubois laughs) I can <sup>readily</sup> see that you do not know this wonderful genius."

DUBOIS: "No, I have not had the honor of meeting him."

ANDRÉ: "Then surely you don't live in Paris?"

DUBOIS: "Oh, no, I live in a small town."

ANDRÉ: "And in this town they never speak of Dubois?"

DUBOIS: "No, Besides, I am not a painter. I am in the flour milling business."

ANDRÉ: "I don't doubt it."

DUBOIS: "Why?"

ANDRÉ: "Oh, we artists are very observant. We judge the profession of men and also their intelligence by their dress. Also, as soon as I saw your traveling cap and your waistcoat I immediately took you for a respectable merchant from one of the provinces."

DUBOIS: "This great Dubois, your future teacher, is he the same as the rest of we mortals?"

ANDRÉ: "I do not know how he dresses, but I imagine he would wear a large hat, covering long curly hair, a red velvet waistcoat, large baggy trousers, a short coat . . . ."

(Dubois laughs and André is furious)

DUBOIS: "You have no doubt brought with you some of your paintings to prove your talent to this illustrious artist?"

ANDRÉ: "Certainly! (opening his valise) Here is a landscape painted by me. Do you think a miller could do as well as that?"

DUBOIS: (examining the painting) "No, but I have seen paintings a hundred times better than this."

ANDRÉ: "What!"

DUBOIS: "To begin with, the setting is badly chosen. Then, your meadow is too green and, finally, your cows look as if they were wooden statues."



ANDRÉ: "Your criticisms do not trouble me at all. Who are you to judge works of art? A mere miller. To hear you talk, one would think that you were Dubois himself."

DUBOIS: "Oh! Dubois! Probably he is just another poor painter trying to earn a living."

ANDRÉ: (rising quickly) "Take that back!"

DUBOIS: "A dauber."

ANDRÉ: "I shall have to ask you to take back those insults and apologize."

DUBOIS: "I will apologize for nothing."

ANDRÉ: "You'll have to back that up."

DUBOIS: "I am willing."

DAVARME: (enters the compartment and passes by the door. Then he sees Dubois.) "Ah, what a pleasure! My dear friend. The great Dubois: (He embraces Dubois.)"

ANDRÉ: (interrupting) "What! (to Dubois) You are the great . . . ."

DUBOIS: "The great Dubois in person."

ANDRÉ: (very humiliated) "Why did you make fun of me?"

DUBOIS: "To teach you not to judge people by their gray hats and old waistcoats."

ANDRÉ: "Then you will not accept me as a student?"

DUBOIS: "Not at all, not at all, I am very glad to have you as a pupil. God would not be pleased if I deprived myself of such an ardent admirer." (he extends his hand)

(The Porter opens the door of the carriage)

"Paris! Paris! All out!"

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Leon - Why do you persist in calling me Norm. Don't you know my name is Leon?

Ruth C.- Yes, but I keep thinking this is Sunday night.

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Miss Frost -- Define "sponging house" (from "Lacaulay's Life of Johnson")  
Jeanette -- Public bath.

-----

Cobb -- What caused the coolness between you and your girl friend?  
Maxwell -- A heated argument.

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L. Bennett -- I believe that man over there is trying to flirt with me.  
V. Boyd. -- The brazen fool. Wait until I call an officer.  
L. Bennett -- Don't call an officer, call a preacher.

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Nason -- If I had a million dollars I'd give every man that was broke a ten dollar bill. What would you do?  
Roberts -- I'd stand on the next corner and strike 'em for the ten dollars while they was feeling liberal.

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# BEDTIME STORIES

### CUFFY BEAR'S ADVENTURE

Cuffy bear had been wanting to see the moving machine that he had heard down in Farmer Brown's field for the past week. With his mother's permission he set out one day to look at this strange object.

Arriving at the field, he hid himself in a thicket and watched the wonderful thing going around and around the field. It was drawn by two horses and they were driven by a man sitting on the machine. Cuffy thought this was quite the most interesting spectacle he had seen for a long time.

He was just beginning to lose interest a little bit when suddenly he lifted his nose in the air and sniffed. A delightful odor was coming from somewhere. Cuffy began searching. Then he spied a basket. He pried the cover off. And of all the good things to eat! He immediately started to gobble them up. There was bread and butter, cake, cookies, and jelly. Then he noticed a little earthen pot tucked into the corner of the basket. It contained baked beans. But of course Cuffy didn't know this. It was the first time he had eaten anything quite so good. He gobbled up all of these beans except a few in the bottom of the pot. He tried several times to reach those that were stuck in the bottom. Finally he reached them and licked the pot clean. But, when he raised his head, the pot was stuck on his nose!

In vain he tried to remove the pot from his nose but his paws were greasy and slippery. He decided to start for home to find his mother and father. How they did laugh when they saw the poor little bear come wandering home with a bean pot stuck on the end of his nose!

But Father Bear removed the pot very quickly and Mother Bear was very glad to have such a handy little earthen pot. So, Cuffy was happy once more.

-- Shirley Leavitt, '36.

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### PETER RABBIT

Little Peter Rabbit helped his mother with the morning dishes, polished up the little brass door knob and filled the wood-box.

"Guess I'll go down to visit the beavers this morning," he said. "I haven't seen them all winter."

"I'll pack a little lunch for you," said Mrs. Rabbit. How well she knew that little bunny boys are apt not to come home for their dinner! She put some nice row carrots and some lettuce sandwiches, some carrot-top pie and milk in his little knap-sack.

Little Peter Rabbit put on his knee boots, for the water was high in the stream and he would need them. Then picking up his knap-sack, he kissed his mother goodbye, and off he went clop-er-ty clop, clop-er-ty-clop down the briar patch path. The sun was shining brightly and those big boots weren't

very comfortable. But obperty-clop, cloporty-clop he went, over hills and thru the woods, until at last he reached the stream. There were his old friends the beavers working very industriously on a new dam. The swollen stream had washed away the old one. There was Danny Beaver cutting down a tree. How sharp his teeth were! Crash! Down came the tree right in place over the dam.

Peter Rabbit waded farther in to watch the beavers. They were all glad to see him, but no one would stop to talk. Finally, somewhat tired, he went hopping homeward. There were Gracy Squirrel and her brother Johnny who had come over to play. They spent all the afternoon playing Indian, hide-and-go-seek, tag, and other games which little animal folk enjoy.

-- Anna Simpson, '36

### THE LITTLE BLACK MONKEY

Mickey, the little black monkey, sat up in a walnut tree. He looked down the old cow path and saw a cow coming up the path.

"Here comes Pauline," he said to himself. "Now I'll have some fun." So, he picked a big nut from a branch beside him. When Pauline came to the tree she stopped to eat some grass.

"Pop!" went the nut right on Pauline's head.

"Who did that?" shouted Pauline looking up very angrily.

"Who wants to know?" said Mickey, making a face at her.

"Oh, so it's you, is it?" snarled Pauline. "I'll have you arrested for this."

"Who cares?" laughed Mickey.

The day of Mickey's trial was bright and sunny; a big crowd of animals gathered to hear the trial. Freddie, the pig, was the judge of the barnyard animals; so, he had charge.

Freddie called the court to order. In the jury were: Porky, the pig, Harry, the horse, Hennie, the hen, Gracie, the goose, and Sally, the swan. They decided that the little black monkey was guilty. He was put in jail. In the cell with him was another monkey whose name was Paul. Paul thought he would have some fun; so, he pulled Mickey's tail. Mickey wasn't feeling very good natured and he began to fight with Paul. They had been fighting for some time when Harry, the horse, who was jailer, heard them.

"What's going on in here?" growled Harry.

They did not answer, but kept on fighting.

"Come on, you," said Harry, grabbing Mickey by the neck. "You'll have to come over with Sammy, the duck."

Mickey and Sammy started fighting, but it didn't amount to much because Harry heard them and put Mickey in a cell all by himself.

That night, just about midnight, when all the barnyard animals were asleep, Mickey worked open the lock of his cell. He crept out quietly. When he came to Paul's cell, he found a hole in the floor. He crawled down under the barn and started to escape. Then he thought that he would like to get revenge on Paul. He reached up through the hole and pulled Paul's tail. Paul screamed and awoke all the other animals. They all rushed to see what had happened to Paul.

"Someone pulled my tail when I was asleep. I heard him running under the barn when I woke up," cried Paul.

"Who was it?" asked Freddie, the pig.

"I don't know, but I think it was Mickey," said Paul.

The animals looked over to Mickey's cell and found that he was gone. They decided it must have been Mickey who pulled Paul's tail. They never saw anything more of Mickey in the barnyard.

-- Edith Russell, '38

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THE BARNYARD BALL GAME AND "LOONY'S" DECEIT  
A Bedtime Tale

The big boys of the Kimberly Neighborhood had been playing baseball. The baseball had been stripped of its outer covering and the small cork center left in the field. "Loony" the big white goose happened to be passing the place and he found the small round piece of cork. He thought to himself, "What a prize. I will go show the rest of the hens, roosters and ducks my ball."

He came to the old barnyard where the rest of the folk were trying to find something to do. He pulled the ball from under his wing and showed it to them. "Spike" the old white rooster, asked if they could not have a ball game. One young chicken went to find a bat. He came back with a round piece of wood.

The barnyard friends chose two teams and "Spike" was to be referee. They took positions as they had seen the boys do and the game started. After a few minutes, "Loony's" team was far in the lead. His friends were first at bat and could not be put out. Small children gathered and joined sides for one team or the other. They formed the cheering section while others helped to find the ball when it was lost.

The game continued for about an hour. All at once one of the younger hens batted the ball far into the field. It was a home run, but the ball could not be found. "Spike" stormed and raved but they could not discover where the ball had gone.

After a little while "Loony" said he was going home. He left the



field and walked toward his home. When he was out of sight of the others, he reached in under his wing and out came the lost ball. "Well, well, I had a good time and still have my prize," he said. "I did not want to play any longer so I chose the easiest way to end the game." So saying, he thrust the ball under his wing and resumed his homeward journey.

-- Robt. Wallace, '36

### TWISTY-TAIL

Once upon a time there was a little monkey named Twisty-Tail, who lived with the Lanes. He was a very cute monkey and was full of tricks. Being a good animal he was not kept in a cage, though he had one always open. He ran around as he wished.

One day Mrs. Lane was going to have a card party, and had set everything in readiness. Twisty-Tail had been kept in the shed so that he wouldn't get into too much mischief. However, someone forgot to close the door, and he skipped gaily into the living-room. Seeing the candy mints, he curiously tasted them, and found them to his liking. Then he suddenly cocked his head on one side, as a thought came to him.

Back he scampered to the kitchen, and climbed to the shelf where Hilda, the hired girl, kept the soap. Taking a cake of ivory soap and a sharp knife, he carefully made soap squares that looked like the mints, and secretly mixed the two together.

That afternoon Mrs. Lane wondered at the surprised looks on the faces of some of her guests, and was just going to say something when she herself got one of the soap mints. "Oh, that monkey!" was all she said, but it explained everything. So, calling Hilda, she told her to put Twisty-Tail upstairs.

Some time passed and the ladies enjoyed themselves over the cards. Everything seemed to be going right. Meanwhile Twisty-Tail had entered the nursery of Jane, Mrs. Lane's daughter, on the upstairs floor. Taking a doll's dress, some of Jane's outgrown shoes, anything else he could find, Twisty-Tail dressed himself in a most ridiculous way. Then skipping to Mrs. Lane's room, proceeded to make himself sweet by helping himself generously to various powders and perfumes. Then out to the landing he ran, and with a cane taken from Mr. Lane's bedroom, opened the door, and primly walked down the stairs and into the living room. To his eye he held a gold lorgnetto that Mrs. Lane used only on occasions of state. He tripped daintily into the room in such a perfect imitation of his mistress herself, that the guests laughed themselves to tears.

This was more than Mrs. Lane could bear, and, with her dignity insulted, she banished Twisty-Tail to the kitchen. He ate his supper, and feeling very satisfied with the afternoon's fun, climbed into his cage at the other end of the kitchen, and securely twisting his tail around the swinging trapdoor in it, hanging his head down, went to sleep.

-- Betty Knudson, '36

## SALLY AND HER DOLLS

Sally is fond of dolls. She does not care for toys, but will play for hours at a time with the dolls she loves so much. When she had ten, it was thought she had all and more than she could well take care of; but when somebody asked Sally what she would like him to give her, she said, "More dolls."

Most of the dolls were girls, and it took Sally a long while to dress them and to change their clothes. She had nice, neat ways, and would take off their clothes at night, fold them up, and put them on a chair. Then she put on the dolls their nice clean night gowns, and put those to bed who had a bed to go to.

It was a small bed and held but few dolls - three big ones and two small ones - and the rest had to sleep on the lounge. But the next night those who slept on the lounge were put into bed and so they took turns, and had no fault to find.

Now Rags was the dog. He had a rough coat, and looked much like a door mat on four legs. Rags did not care for dolls and thought that Sally spent too much of her time with them. Sometimes Rags would take hold of the dolls and shake them as hard as he could, and, of course, this made Sally angry.

Rags did not mean to be bad. He thought it was play. But Sally could not bear to have him treat her dolls in such a way, for she thought as much of them as if they were alive. I think that was why Rags did not like the dolls. Dogs are queer.

One day, when Sally was out, Rags went into the room where the dolls were, and took one of them in his mouth and ran out of doors with it. He shook it as he went along, and it would have made your heart ache to see its fine clothes drag in the mud and dust.

Soon he came to a tree that was bent down so that he could run up the trunk; and here in a high place he laid down the doll and shook himself in high glee.

Just then he heard a sweet voice call out, "Rags! Rags! Rags!" and he flew so fast that he fell over himself more than once, and the hair blew out of his eyes, and his ears stood out, and his tail wagged for joy.

Sally had missed her doll and was on her way to find it, for she was sure that Rags knew where it was. But if he did, he would not tell, but went on with a hop, skip and jump as fast as he could, and he did not stop at the tree where the doll was. Not he. But he ran right by it.\*

Sally kept her eyes on the ground for some time, and looked at the right side and then at the left, and into all the holes in the ground, where there were signs that fresh earth had been dug up. All at once she raised her eyes, and there, in a tree, she caught sight of her lost doll. There it hung with its foot in the air. Sally was sure it would have rush of blood to the head.

Sally gave a loud scream, and wept real tears. Then she cried out, "O my dear doll! She will break her neck! What shall I do?" and wrung her hands in great grief.

Rags felt sorry for her, and drew near to lick her face and hands. But Sally gave him a hard push and said, "Go away from me. I do not like you at all, you bad, bad dog."

It seemed as if Rags knew what she said, for he gave a long drawn whine, rubbed his eyes with his paws, and crept close to Sally, as if to say, "You may wipe up the floor with me if you choose. That is all I am good for."

Sally had to laugh, and that broke the spell. A pat on his back made Rags all right, and he went up the tree with a dash, and came down with the doll in his mouth.

From that time, Rags and the dolls were good friends; and it would make you smile to see him sit up with one of the small dolls in his arms. Rags is a first rate nurse, and if you should try to steal one of Sally's dolls, Rags would chase you, and bark with all his might.

\* means intentional fragmentary.

-- Arlene Hall, '36

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### THE DIARY OF LIPPETY LOP, THE BUNNY

When I was very, very young, I used to sit at the door and say, "How Do?" at everyone that went by. I saw almost all of our neighbors every day.

Ma is too particular about our table manners. She nibbles her food slowly and gives us lessons every day. I eat too fast - that's what Ma says.

I like moonlight nights best of all. We play leap frog then. I bet I could jump over the moon if I was feeling good.

Had an adventure today! Fell in the brook. The water was awful wet. Ma pulled me out by the britches.

It's time for dinner and no Ma. Oh well, I guess I can cook just as well as she can.

It's time I kicked out and found a home for myself. I found a good burrow last week but Jimmy Skunk stole it. Be sure to come to visit me when I get my new home.

I've got my new home all fixed up now. Gee, it's a pretty nice place if I do say so. These people around here are pretty nice. They've planted a lot of little cabbages right in front of my door. I just had one for dinner. Mm! they're awful good.

\* Had quite a fright. I saw a new kind of bunny that barked at me and chased me. Peter says, it was a dog. Hmph! never heard of him before.

This world is sure full of funny things! I saw a fellow all covered with prickles. I'd sure hate to argue with him.

\* Worst fright of all today! \*Saw a fox. \*Knew him as soon as I saw him. Ma told us never to trust a fox so I ran away. \*Decided to stay home for the rest of the day.

\* World all white; very cold; can't understand it. I've got to ask Bob about it. Bob says it's Christmas, whatever that may be, and the children like it. I guess it must be all right then.

\* New Year's again! \*Gotta write my resolutions. It's no use though. I break 'em the next day.

(\*Intentional fragmentary sentences).

--Ross Wilson, '36

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Irving Hill (late at night) - Say, are you Dr. Smith, the animal man?

Dr. Smith - Yes, what do you want at this time of night?

Irving - Did you advertise for a man to go to Africa with you to kill lions?

Dr. S. - Why, yes.

Irving - Well, I thought I'd better tell you that I can't go.

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## TINY

Tiny is a cow on Grampa's farm. She lives in the great big barn with all the other cows. Tiny is Grampa's favorite. Every time he comes into the barn he gives her a handful of hay.

Every day Grampa drives Tiny and the other cows to the pasture. Tiny's best friend is Bessy. Tiny and Bessy were talking one day when Bessy said, "Cows like fun. Let's have a picnic."

"All right," agreed Tiny. "I'll tell all the cows I see."

All that day as Tiny roamed through the meadow she said to each cow she met, "Come to the field by the brook tomorrow. The cows are going to have a picnic."

The next day in the field by the brook all the cows met Tiny and Bessy. Before dinner, the cows went into the brook to wade. Some of the cows tried to swim, but oh my, they were funny. Bessy fell down, Brooksie fell down, Tiny fell down. All the cows in deep water fell down; because, you see, cows are not made for swimming.

Soon it was time for dinner. All the little girl cows were very happy, because they knew there was plenty of fresh clover and green grass for dinner.

After dinner Tiny said, "You girls may go for a walk while Brooksie, and Bessy, and I stay here and take a nap in the sun." All the afternoon the girl cows played and ran in the pasture. Soon they became very tired.

Then Grampa came to drive the cows home. They were all happy to go home where they could rest because they had played hard all day.

While Grampa was milking Tiny, he said, "Tiny, you good old cow, you've been busy today. That must be why you are so happy."

-- J. Eloise Russell, '36

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## WHEN CORAL WING WENT TO SCHOOL

One fine morning Mother Fairy said, "I think it is time for Coralwing to go to school. What do you think, Cobweb?"

"Oh, yes!" said Cobweb.

"What do you think, Peachbloom?" asked Mother Fairy.

"Oh, I think so, too, Mother. We should like so much to take him with us."

Then Mother Fairy said to Coralwing, "Should you like to go to school to-day, little son?"

"Oh, yes, Mother," said Coralwing. "What fun that will be."

So Mother Fairy brushed Coralwing's little velvet jacket very carefully and combed his curly hair. He had one lock that always would stand right up straight.

"Now take good care of your little brother, Peachbloom," said Mother Fairy. "You are the oldest, you know. Be a good boy, Coralwing, and mind the teacher. Cobweb, do try to keep your new dress clean. You are so

careless -- and all of you fly straight home from school."

The fairy school was in a very curious place. It was in a little hollow under the roots of a big oak tree. You could not see it at all unless you were a fairy.

The teacher was an old gnome. He looked as if he had lived forever. He had sharp eyes and a long, white beard; at least it was long for him. As he was only three inches high himself, of course his beard wasn't really a very long one.

The old gnome knew everything that fairies ought to know. That is why the fairies sent their children to his school.

He knew where to get the best honey and which berries are good for fairies to eat. He knew which butterflies sold the prettiest wings and when the finest jeweled dew drops could be found. Those are the things that fairies have to learn in school; so you see why he was such a good teacher.

Coralwing was happy to go to school. The old gnome gave him a tiny new toadstool to sit on. The little boy fairy listened to every word the old gnome said. He wanted to tell his mother about it when he went home.

After school, the three little fairies flew straight home. Cobwebb kept her dress clean and Peachbloom took good care of Coralwing; so, Mother Fairy was pleased with them that day. She gave them some very special honey-dew jam for supper.

-- Ruth Hitchcock, '36

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#### LITTLE BROWNIE BEAR

Little Brownie Bear stretched his little brown arms, winked his little brown eyes and -- woke up. "Mother, Mother, wake up, wake up," he called to the big brown bear beside him. But mother bear just rolled over and went to sleep.

Little Brownie Bear was wide awake; so, he ran outside of his house and started to sniff around and he smelled meat. He started to bite this piece of meat when snap! and he felt something tight around his foot. He tried to walk but he could not move. Then a man came along with a big gun. He saw Brownie and carefully took him out of the trap and carried him home to his little girl.

The little girl was very happy to have a real live Teddy Bear to play with. She dressed him in a little red coat and a funny red hat and gave him cake and candy to eat.

Betty and Brownie were very good friends until one day Brownie heard that Betty and her mother and daddy were going to move away.

Brownie didn't want them to take him along because he would never see his mother again. So, that night when everyone was asleep he opened the door and ran just as fast as he could through the fields until he came to a road. Here in the road he met Farmer Jones and his horse and wagon. Brownie jumped into the wagon and frightened the horse so much that it started to run faster and faster until he bumped into a rock. Brownie bounced out of the wagon. He rolled down the hill like a ball. He rolled and rolled right into a big hole.

"Goodness, child, what is the matter?" a voice said. How happy Brownie was, for he had rolled right into his own hole and was home again with his mother.

-- Norma Prince, '36

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